

The TATLER

Vol. CLI. No. 1969.

London
March 22, 1939



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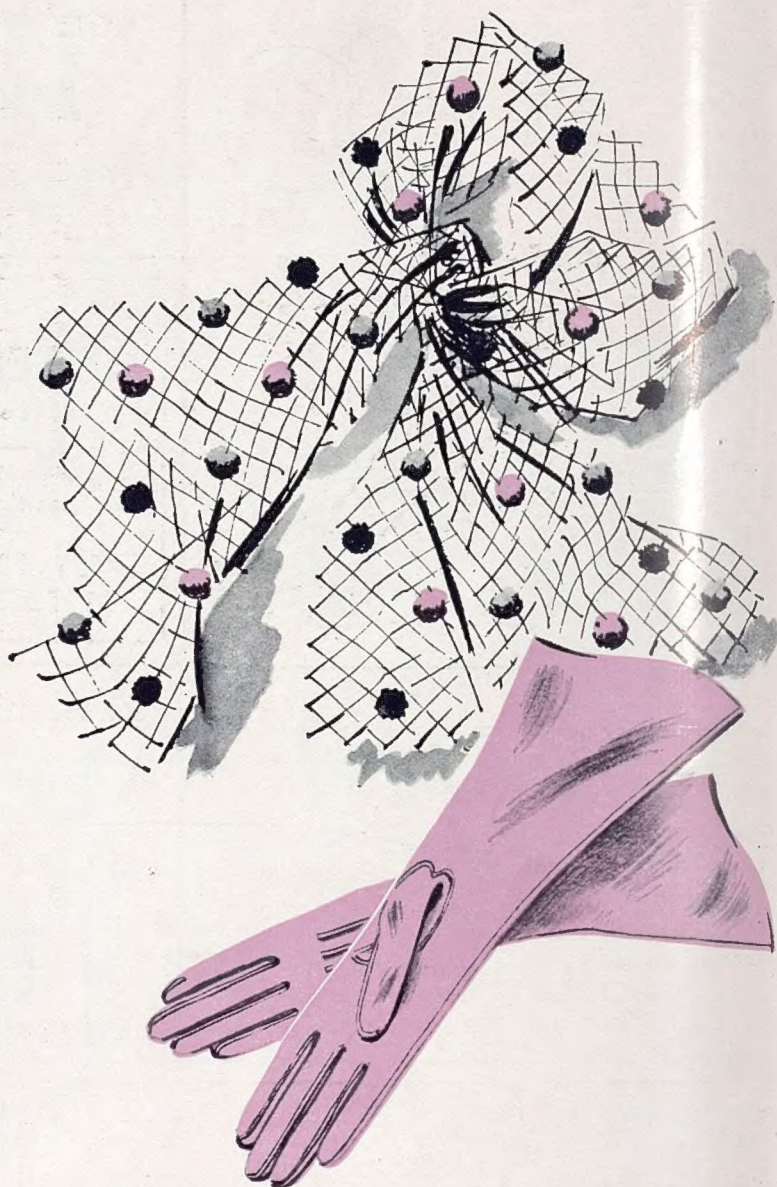
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The TATTLER

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Robert de Smet

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS AND HIS CHILDREN

King Leopold III is a very devoted father to his three children, of whom the youngest, Prince Albert, Prince of Liège, was only fourteen months old when, in August 1935, a tragic motor accident robbed His Majesty of his so beloved consort, Queen Astrid. Princess Josephine Charlotte, who takes great care of her brothers, was born in 1927, and Prince Baudoin, heir to the throne of Belgium, will be nine in September. The King of the Belgians, Knight of the Garter and Old Etonian, was in uniform, as a soldier of the Great War, at the age of fourteen. After leaving Eton he studied at Ghent University and later was commissioned in the army. His Majesty succeeded to the throne five years ago on the death of his gallant father, King Albert

(Another picture of the King of the Belgians and his family will be found on page 510)



MISS MARY ANNE MAUD SIGRID GRETTON'S CHRISTENING PARTY

A pause for photography outside Stapleford Church, which adjoins Stapleford Park, after Colonel John Gretton's granddaughter had been well and truly named as above. Included with Mr. and Mrs. John Gretton and their daughter in this group are the godparents, Lady Mansfield, Mrs. Edward Brook, the Duchess of Newcastle and Lord Willoughby, and Sir Henry and Lady Floyd. Lady Floyd and Mrs. Brook are Mr. Gretton's sisters

THIS is an interesting time to have been in Jamaica, and the laugh is on those who stayed away because they imagined the streets of Kingston were running with blood, but after the sensational reports which even "Auntie Times" printed without checking, none can call them yaller; the question being where doth the busy Yellow Press begin? Misrepresentation began in Kingston, whence correspondents, anxious to cash in on a crisis, sent highly coloured cables to which Fleet Street gave prominence, forgetting the Jamaican has colour in his make-up; indeed, there is no colour bar. Visitors bake themselves brown; the females in bathing caps to safeguard permanent waves, while the local Judy O'Grady strains the crinkle out, and recognizing a lilywhite complexion is beyond her, achieves the elegant pallor of *très peu du café avec beaucoup du lait*.

This beautiful, lush island is no more irrational and overwrought than many other places. Pessimists should remember Chesterton's "Consistency is only possible in a lunatic asylum." Whites, blacks and tweenies are reaping the sins of their fathers; profiteers and absentee planters who took millions out and put back nothing, except paler progeny. The Royal Commission will tell of sketchy social services and the neglect of piccaninnies, legitimate and *sinistre*, by natives who mouth big phrases like "Franchise For All," with uncomprehending, ivory grins. The tautness of world trade, the sugar quota, the banana disease and Covent Garden's



MRS. RICHARD BLUNT AND SPANIELS

Holland is the native country of Mrs. Richard Blunt, whose father, Commander F. M. Fransen Van de Putte, used to be in the Royal Netherlands Navy. Her marriage to Sir John Blunt's brother took place in 1936, and a son arrived last year. Mr. Richard Blunt was formerly in the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards

And the World Said—



MISS PEGGY GERARD LEIGH

The very attractive younger daughter of those well-known Meltonians, Captain and Mrs. J. C. Gerard Leigh of Thorpe Satchville. Through her father, Miss Peggy Gerard Leigh is niece of Lady De La Warr. Her elder sister is married to Mr. Henry Garnett, now a Notts Yeoman

insistence on seedless grapefruit which Jamaica does not grow ("I wouldn't pay because of Palestine plus British Honduras," is the dusty answer), combine to make times hard, but the time has brought forth the man—two men—the Governor, Sir Arthur Richards, and a coloured K.C., Mr. N. W. Manley. The former is brilliant, sane and impartial—"I have no bias save perhaps a leaning in favour of the labouring classes"; the latter a passionately artistic intellectual whose countrymen's mental and moral equipment does not yet justify his vision of self-government. If I do not "tell, make see" (Jamaican translation of "explain") the island's problems more fully, it is because three tinkling grakle, or "clink-clinks," are pecking the typewriter, making me look out and long to swim, preferably in a state of Nature, at the "Bunt" Peases' private beach where picnic parties (adequately clothed, I hasten to "tell, make see") eat mongoose pie under a wattle shelter, surrounded by sea and coco-nuts. The Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Duke of Gloucester have enjoyed this simple sanctuary, which is hallowed with happy

memories, but has no guest book, unlike the millionaire Reckfords' new mansion, eleven hundred feet above Montego Bay. We were anchored to Mr. Fletcher's wharf, among the bananas, in fifty minutes from the Pan-American base. Good flying. Thence to the ever-chic Casa Blanca, crowded with Americans, Canadians and those English who braved the bullets. In the Beachview Bar cosmopolitan Colonel Ralph Hope-Vere of Blackwood gives a party while Air Vice-Marshal Norman McEwen and General Russell Luckock entertain on the starlit roof of Mar Vista (good old sea view gone Spanish) where there are suitable Kala Jugga. Captain Gordon Kirkpatrick gives amateur-status swimming lessons on the Casa Blanca beach where everyone meets. The "Archie" Crabbes, who are bound for Kleine-Scheidegg and Cannes, come down from Richmond Hill, one of many attractive places to stay. Discount Kingston's "No accommodation in Montego Bay" line; they carry on like St. Moritz and Mürren! Pretty Mrs. "Bobby" Kirkwood and handsome Miss Cynthia Elliot in exotic cottons vie with the male plumage. Huskies, including "Dick" Riegel from the American hunting world, wear flowered blouses like stage housemaids. Clothes make the chief topic, as in Paris. Dressmakers are cheap, tailors reasonably good at white dinner jackets which American cruisees have made in the day, believing implicitly that once on Empire soil the cut must be Savile Row. Adorable prints at ninepence the yard are made in Manchester, but not released in the U.K., which trading mystery reminds me that a famous Swiss chocolate firm has set up a condensed milk factory in Jamaica. Does Switzerland anticipate an *Anschluss*, or has the Helvetian cow struck? I must ask Peter Lunn, whose ship is in with a Hellenic cruise; passengers including Lord Dunedin (who still Lambeth Walks), Colonel Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, 3rd Guards, who was delighted to meet another South African veteran, Major J. G. Gillespie, the 68th, among the sea-urchins, and scores of notables who spent four days splashing in the Myrtle Bank Pool admiring the gardens at Manor House (where Captain Nutty grows a new fruit called Ugli) and playing golf at Constant Spring which



LORD AND LADY WALPOLE

Well up for seeing at the North Norfolk Harriers Point-to-Point meeting held at Stibbard, near Fakenham. Lord and Lady Walpole, whose Norfolk home is Wolterton Park, are due to come south soon, bringing their precious young son with them



DIPLOMATIC CONVERSATION

H.E. the Soviet Ambassador, M. Ivan Maisky, talking to H.E. the Rumanian Minister at a reception given by M. Fazlollah Nabil, Iranian Chargé D'Affaires, at 26 Princes Gate. M. V. V. Tika has been Rumanian Minister in London since January

(More pictures of this event next week)

rosy caravanserai is now so well run that those who left in dudgeon two years ago are herding back. It is a lovely scene, with the flowers, the pool, and the mountains and, as the Field-Marshal of "touri," Mr. F. W.

disposed of several times over. However, tomorrow, March 23, for a shilling, they can at any rate see for themselves the transformation scene achieved by artist Rex Whistler and decorator Mrs. Keith Newall, in which an admirable design of national emblems, yellow velvet, and the lovely Boughton House tapestries (lent by the Duke of Buccleuch) play their part. The price of this look goes to the Vic-Wells Ballet and Lilian Baylis Memorial (Sadler's Wells Extension) Funds; a very right and proper notion, for the Vic-Wells Ballet Company contributes the lion's share to tonight's delights.

Talking of funds, the loyal Society of Dartsmen (motto "Alms for the Love of Arrow"), who have scored a nice bit for the hospitals during the last year, signed up several promising new members when they had their first birthday party at the Coq d'Or not long since. This was a charming affair with cocktails, pleasant company and a vast cake, iced like a darts board. The real thing was there, too, for the promotion of good dartsmanship is fundamental to this benevolent "unpolitical and totally irrelevant body" which also favours keeping up the quality of beer and members. Ale an' darty, in fact, as they put it themselves



AT THE WHADDON CHASE POINT-TO-POINT

Major and Mrs. M. P. Ansell talking to a Grafton well known, Captain Guy Lucas, at Nash, where the Whaddon Point-to-Point races drew the usual big crowd. Major "Mike" Ansell, Fifth Dragoon Guards, has been Brigade-Major Fifth Cavalry Brigade T.A. (York) since last September

And the World said—*continued*

Highly original regulations, procedure and penalties are insisted on (there is a heavy penalty for using a lamp, family portrait, stuffed parrot, or ear as a target for darts) and titles of officials have been carefully chosen. The head of the whole shoot is the Great Harpoon, Darter King at Alms (identity not revealed) who has with him on the Supreme Dart Board ten Spears of the Realm (members who have enrolled 500 or more new members), among them the Duke of Atholl, Lord Lytton, A. P. Herbert, Leslie Henson, Sir Roger Keyes, Lord Milne and Sir William Wilcox. The latter and Leslie Henson were busy hosts at the party, at which the Society's Sketcher in Extraordinary, Alan D'Egville (his brother Geoffrey is Chief Scribe) threw a very pretty dart. Others observed: Lord Waleran, Lady Selby (presented last week in turquoise and silver), Mr. Peter Aitken, younger son of the House of Beaverbrook, and Rex Harrison who is so good as Leo in *Design for Living*.

The Pastel Court held last Wednesday turned out a tremendous success. The delicately-coloured frocks looked charming, and set off the Queen's lovely white gown which had a cluster of white ostrich feathers on a silver embroidered train. The Princess Royal wore a rose-pink picture gown, and the Duchess of Gloucester one of blue and silver lamé, the charming effect of which was heightened by some magnificent turquoises. Lady David Douglas-Hamilton, who was delayed through losing her admission card, was one of the many brides presented "on marriage." Pastel colouring will undoubtedly be very fashionable this coming season.

The flower of the French aristocracy, including such famous representatives as Prince and Princess Murat, Comte and Comtesse de Castellane, Comte and Comtesse de Morte Mart, the Duke and Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, the Baronne de la Grange, Madame François Pietri, wife of the French ex-Naval Minister, the Comtesse de Ségur, and Monsieur and Madame Pierre Merillon, were among the thousands of

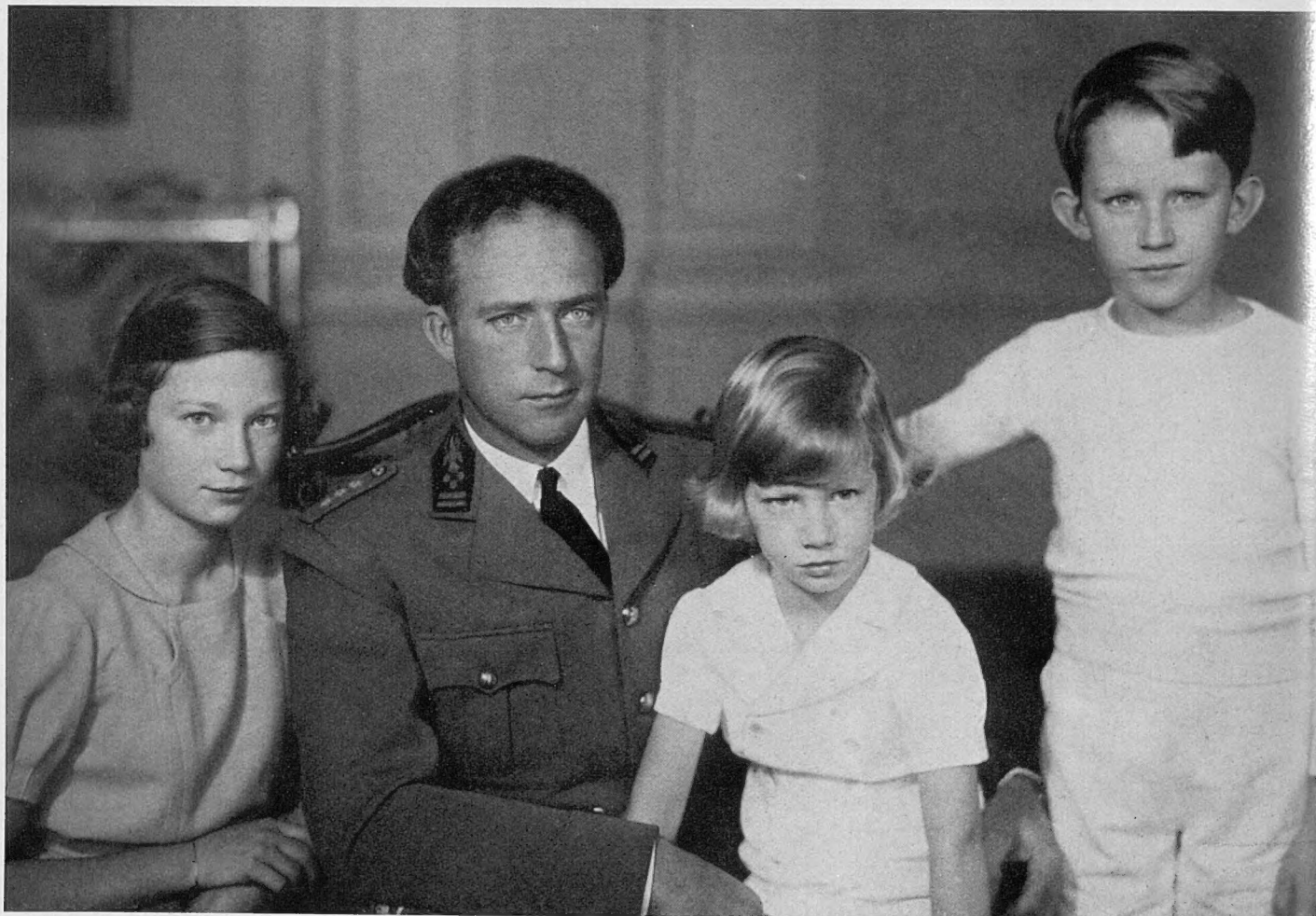
distinguished visitors in London last week for the State visit of the French President and Madame Lebrun.

There were all sorts of elaborate plans for their entertainment, and at the Dorchester, where many of the French notables made their home while in London, a special *dîner tricolore* was given on the Wednesday. For this dinner Emile Aymoz, the *maitre chef*, prepared one of the most remarkable menus served in recent years. It was a real dinner for epicures and two of the dishes had been specially created—one in honour of President Lebrun and the other in honour of General Gamelin, the French Commander-in-Chief.

You will remember sleuth's recent preoccupation with Georgian houses. The Georgian complex continues unabated since she has been reading Lord David Cecil's beautifully written book *The Young Melbourne* during the weekend, and has also pored for an hour or two over the "Century of French Caricature" Exhibition. This is at the New Burlington Galleries where a room is given over to Mr. Minto Wilson's collection of Napoleonic-period caricatures—very lively—often scurrilous, with the Regent and his circle always to the fore. *Autre temps, autre mœurs*, of course, but what amusing times.

Not any evening any day, but any Thursday anyway the Lambeth Walk isn't in it with the Onslow Square scurry of musical socialites who dart from car, bus or Underground, looking earnest, if not a little anxious, all intent on being in time for 6 p.m. practice. In short, meet the Handel Society. The chorus of round about one hundred includes Talbots, Lytteltons, Lady Gladstone, Mrs. Geoffrey Bridgeman, Lady Brooke, and Miss Cynthia Keppel; and Lady Augusta Inskip usually fiddles for her life in the fifty-strong orchestra, but at the moment she is out of it with a sprained arm. Lately there has been intensive tuning-up for this week's public performance at the Royal College of Music, hence the hurry not to waste a moment, or miss a beat, of conductor Reginald Goodall's time.

Pictures of the V.W.H. Lord Bathurst's point-to-point races will appear in our next issue.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY KING LEOPOLD III AND HIS TWO SONS AND DAUGHTER

Robert de Smet

Another picture of H.M. the King of the Belgians appears on the frontispiece of this issue. His Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief of the 5th Inniskilling Dragoons, and when he was over here last November he took the salute at a parade held in his honour at Colchester. The King is a particularly keen golfer and it is rumoured that he may be coming to England again shortly to play for the Old Etonians in the Halford Hewitt Cup tournament, which has the Royal Cinque Port club's course at Deal, for its setting this year.

THE HEYTHROP POINT-TO-POINT



MAJOR AND MRS. T. H. GLADSTONE
AND THEIR SON FOLLOW THE COURSE
OF EVENTS



THREE WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMEN:
CAPTAIN NOEL LOYD, LORD ASHTON OF
HYDE, M.F.H., AND MAJOR D. ST. G. DALY



MR. T. LEVESON GOWER, THE MARCHIONESS
OF ABERGAVENNY, LADY LEWES, THE MARQUESS
OF ABERGAVENNY AND LORD LEWES



TALKING THINGS OVER: LADY ASHTON OF
HYDE, MR. H. TOZER AND MR. E. HEATLEY



THE HON. MRS. WILFRID HOLLAND-
HIBBERT IN CONFERENCE WITH MRS.
HEYWOOD-SAVAGE



MRS. A. S. LOCKWOOD AND LADY ROSEMARY
GRESHAM, WHOSE HUSBAND RODE A WINNER

The Heythrop ran their recent point-to-point over Stowell Farm, near Chipping Norton, which is close to both kennels and to Over Norton, where lives one of the best beloved ex-Masters they have ever had, Major Denis Daly, who had the hounds with Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Brassey from 1925 to 1934, when Major Daly retired and Lord Ashton of Hyde came and took his place. Lord Ashton has been in sole command of this beautiful pack which hunts over a beautiful country since 1936. The present Master and Major Daly were caught at the same moment by the same camera—a bit of luck. The Heythrop at one time used to be a hunting *piéd à terre* of the Dukes of Beaufort, hence the survival of the green coats of the Hunt servants. Additional lustre was lent to this card by the inclusion in it of the Coldstream Regimental Race. This resulted in a somewhat hollow victory for Captain T. R. D. Batt on his own Here She Goes. He came home a "distance" to the good. Another concerned in a victory and seen in these pictures is Lady Rosemary Gresham, Lord Erroll's only sister, as her husband, Mr. J. F. Gresham, Welsh Guards, won the Adjacent Hunts' Race on his own horse Royat, after a good dust-up with Mr. F. Kerwood's Chief Ranger ridden by one of the Kerwood family, and Miss L. Fenwick's Money Spider II, the third was ridden by Mr. Hibbert, some of whose family are seen looking on interestedly. The Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Holland-Hibbert is Lord Knutsford's sister-in-law. He of course is the former renowned Master of the Avonvale and present Joint of the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's). More visitors from other Hunts were Lord Abergavenny, M.F.H. (Bridge), and Lady Abergavenny, and also Lord and Lady Lewes, their son and daughter-in-law

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Bread and Circuses

THERE was some fun at the annual dinner of the Critics' Circle, which drew a very large gathering. The speakers included Miss Fay Compton, Mr. Charles Laughton, Mr. Geoffrey Toye, Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, and Mr. Michael Redgrave, each of whom was genially twitted by the President. When it came to the turn of Mr. Laughton, the President asked whether it was not a fact that the film had done more to vulgarize public taste than the inventions of printing, the internal combustion engine, and the wireless put together. Here, I think, the President overcoloured his picture, and Mr. Laughton had no difficulty in finding a sufficient reply. He pointed out that publication of the novels of Charles Dickens alone compensates for the millions of novellettes encumbering the perambulators of nursemaids and the laps of manicurists. He did not take up the challenge with regard to the motor car and the radio, perhaps because he did not feel quite so sure of his ground. The fact remains that it is only because of the invention of the internal combustion engine that this country is today a mass of nerves and forced to take a hand, whether it likes it or not, in foreign politics with which it has no concern. When England was an island, the Prime Ministers of this country were accustomed to remain at home with their umbrellas reposing in their umbrella-stands. Any dictatorial jackanapes wishing to interview them had to come here, and were or were not received according to the political weather. But the internal combustion engine has changed all that. In the old days the Englishman did not have to unfurl his umbrella because it happened to be raining in the Balkans. Yes, I think Mr. Laughton was perhaps wise in ignoring this particular challenge! Nor had he anything to say about the radio, which, in my opinion, has destroyed the art of listening. In the old days people went to concerts in order to hear the music; today people turn on the wireless to enable them to read, sew or chatter. I am not, however, satisfied that the case against the wireless is as strong as that against the more dangerous engine; the wireless seldom destroys life! Personally, I have found a way of setting off one against the other. I find that to twiddle a knob while somebody else is driving relieves the tedium of long, monotonous journeys while the sense of motion in a well-sprung car takes away some of the insipidity of the light music which to the English is the whole of music, and lends at least the appearance of point to the vacuities of English vaudeville. Mr. Laughton was at his best in claiming for the films that one good picture atones for a hundred bad ones. The President

made a further point when he implored Mr. Redgrave to stay in England and not go gallivanting off to Hollywood. To be a fine actor on the English stage, he said, means £10 a week, rising to £40 and possibly to £100, with many years of honourable service, with as their ultimate aim the reputation of a Macready, a Phelps, or an Irving. To slink off to Hollywood means £30,000 every six months or so, a brief career of dazzling ignominy, followed by swift and total oblivion. Could Mr. Redgrave contemplate that with equanimity? Mr. Redgrave was more than a match for the President. He said he could and would. He was going to Hollywood because there was nothing he wanted to do in this country, and no inducement to do it. Whereupon the President drowned whatever he was feeling in a goblet of Critics' Circle champagne.

Perhaps a few words may not be out of place concerning the careers of two distinguished visitors to this country. At least, Mme Françoise Rosay has been over here enchanting all who had the pleasure of meeting her, though whether M. Jacques Feyder, her husband, accompanied her I have not been able to gather. The point is that M. Feyder made the beautiful



LOUISE RAINER, THE STAR OF COUNTLESS PICTURES, TAKES A VACATION IN LONDON

The last time we were permitted to see this attractive actress on the screen was in *The Great Waltz* in which she played the part of Poldi, the lady friend of Johann Strauss. Previous to that she played in two outstanding pictures *Louis Pasteur* and *The Good Earth*; her performance in these was beyond reproach, and a new picture in which she appears is eagerly awaited by her many admirers the world over

film in which his wife is now appearing at the Academy, and in that sense we are privileged to look upon ourselves as his hosts. M. Feyder was born in Belgium, became an actor in 1910, met Mme Rosay in 1913, and married her shortly afterwards. He has made many famous films, including *L'Atlantide*, *Craignebille* and *Carmen*. Later came *Thérèse Raquin* and the memorable picture called *The Kiss* with Greta Garbo. His masterpiece to date has been *La Kermesse Héroïque*, which again had Mme Rosay as its star. Mme Rosay has always followed her husband in his work, and she took over from him when he caught pneumonia while making *Carmen* in Spain. She gave yet another memorable performance in *Carnet de Bal*.

The new film is called *Les Gens du Voyage*. It is a film with the

eternally attractive subject of circus life. Oddly enough, plays about the circus have nearly always failed for the simple reason that the circus itself is always more interesting than any possible play about it. This naturally affects the playgoer, who has to be told of but is not allowed to see the miracles happening off-stage. Personally, I find it extremely irritating to be teased with a glimpse in the wings of the back legs of a spotted horse and the whisk of a white tail. But in a film about the circus you actually see the circus, and put up with the inevitable plot of jealousy and pique because you know that presently you will be looking down the throat of some snarling tiger and feel its hot carnivorous breath. Yes, this film is as good as that! Perhaps the story doesn't matter very much.

What is important is that M. Feyder gives us three things which no English director would have attempted. These are a middle-aged heroine, a shifty unattractive figure to fill the principal male rôle, and an *ingénue* who is a sordid little horror plucked straight out of real life. This is a grand film, and Mme Rosay's performance of the tiger-tamer is in the first order.

J. A.

THE S. AND W. WILTS HALF HUNDREDTH POINT-TO-POINT



PART OF THE LARGE GALLERY: LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH, MR. JAMES AND LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY AND THEIR CHILDREN AND MISS BURY WATCHING THE INTREPID PERFORMERS DOING THE DANGEROUS OVER THE OBSTACLES



LADY WEYMOUTH AND SONS, ALEXANDER AND CHRISTOPHER



LADY CRANLEY, MRS. GERALD WILLS, MISS CAROLINE WILLS AND SIR MAURICE BROMLEY-WILSON



MISS M. J. PARHAM WINS THE LADIES' CUP ON FAIR CLUNE



ACUTELY INTERESTED, MRS. FAIRBANK AND MR. AND MRS. PETER LONG

The South and West Wilts who ran their fiftieth annual point-to-point at Kingston Deverill, near Warminster, last week in the best of weather, can claim to be one of the oldest establishments in the hound list, for they can certainly trace their hunting lineage back to 1690 and Lord Arundell of Wardour. The Holderness and Staintondale, however, have very ancient charters from Norman kings. But this by the way. They had good racing and quite adequate fields. One of the best contests was the Ladies' Race which Miss Parham won on her own by half a length against the formidable opposition of Miss Diana Bell, Ikey's hard-riding daughter. Mr. Ikey Bell had these hounds from 1925 to 1934 after his distinguished Masterships in Ireland. Miss Parham is a leading light of the Ferne Polo Club, which was virtually started by Lady Jean Mackintosh seen in the top picture with her sister, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, her husband, and their respective families who were naturally all eyes and ears for all that was going forward. Mr. Charles Mackintosh was famous in the Scottish international rugby world. Lady Cranley in another group, is Lord and Lady Onslow's daughter-in-law and is the former Hon. Pamela Dillon. Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson lives down in those parts and has his seat at Dallam Tower, Milnthorpe

From the Shires and Provinces

A Leicestershire Letter.

THE best days of the week have been the Quorn Monday and the Cottesmore Saturday. On Monday the Quorn met at Seagrave. The moment they put into Walton Thorns a fox was away down the brook side. After pointing for Burton he turned left-handed, and this gave hounds a good start. They ran very fast over the Fosse and re-crossed it through Craddock's Ashes to Mundy's Gorse, leaving the field spreadeagled over the country, many of them finding the brooks, or bottoms, difficult to cross. This hunt was about one and a half hours, the first hour being very fast and only about fifty people finished the hunt. Subsequently there were two other fast hunts of forty-five minutes and thirty minutes, the latter being very fast.

Three fast hunts over the Quorn Monday country. Can you beat it? On Wednesday there was a foul wind. Gale warning. All Belvoir coasts. Yet the bitches caught a fox which ran down wind from Thorpe Ashes to Lord Dysart's Plantations.

On Saturday the Cottesmore from their Belton meet had a very good hunt from Alexton Wood. They ran in a couple of large circles on the Horninghold side and after emerging from the wood for the third time, killed their fox near Stockerston. A very fine performance. This hunt was about one and a half hours. They then had another grand hunt from Wardley Wood over Ridlington Ridge—a real wild country—to Launde Park Wood. Thence to Prior's Coppice and back, by which time most horses and all people had had enough. This was probably one of the best days the Cottesmore have had this season, and, as it was on a Saturday, suited their weekend supporters admirably. There has been some rain and the going is just about perfect.

From the Fernie.

Meeting at Theddingworth on Monday the Hothorpe Hills called us and amongst the coombes and deep woodlands, hounds found enough foxes to keep us moving for the greater part of the day. Never a very inviting country and tantalizing to those who find themselves at the wrong point of observation, it is galling to see the pack streaming across the flat to Alford Thorns and Farndon with the Marston woods intervening and a stern chase a certainty. Hounds hunted a fox almost to Market Harborough, then turned back to the hills and finally he was marked to ground at Marston Trussells after two hours' good hound hunting. Foxhunters in numbers forgathered at Cheltenham on Wednesday, and there was much appreciation of another Furlong victory in the National Hunt 'Chase. We miss the Furlong family since leaving Skeffington Hall, where those good horses Reynoldstown and Really True were stabled. May Litigant continue their good run of luck. Billesdon on Thursday attracted a large field, the village green, minus the grass, held the pack before an admiring audience. With outliers absent and several of our best coverts failing, only late on did we rouse a Gaulby fox, who set the pace round the Illston district with hounds in close pursuit, and after a thrilling gallop of about fifty minutes, the King's Norton sand holes gave him sanctuary. A most enjoyable hunt.

From the Heythrop.

We have just concluded a grand gala week of variety entertainment, three days' racing at Cheltenham, four



OUT WITH THE ISLE OF WIGHT HOUNDS

H. M. Lill

All well known also with that popular establishment the Bembridge Sailing Club. The group was taken when hounds met at Brading Down, and the names are Miss Susan Davenport, Mrs. Woodroffe, wife of Brigadier-General Woodroffe, of North Wells, Bembridge, Mrs. Sam Davenport and George Davenport, of Westcliffe, Bembridge

days' hunting, and our own point-to-point to finish with. In addition, there has been a good deal of night work, what with dining out and giving and receiving of kindred hospitality, so many will be glad to spend the weekend in quiet rest and strong physic. At Cheltenham, as usual, the whole world and his wife, or someone else's, seemed to be there, but, as far as Heythropia is concerned, the meeting was marred by Geoffrey Shakerley's bad fall on the Tuesday, and we regret to hear that it will possibly be some months before he is right, and offer our deepest sympathy to one of our most gallant and popular supporters. Our post-Cheltenham meet at Milton was a peach of a day with one of the best days in the Gawcombe Vale for many moons. There was a large field out

and a correspondingly large casualty list, but no serious damage. One gentleman, who we understand had not backed a winner all the week and had laid the odds in the Gold Cup, began giving loud verbal exhortations to his tiring steed as each fence came near; this is what is known as the re-morse code. Altogether Durno and the bitch pack were at the top of their form and this form is a very high one in the school of fox-hunting.

From the Warwickshire.

This has been a week of sorrow and joy rather mixed up and with not so very much fox-hunting to tell of. The Hanwell day was a good one, though foxes seemed easy to catch and so once more our hundredth brace has been achieved in spite of a very depleted hunt staff through the 'flu in field, kennel and stables—a proper dose of it. Truly, as Jorrocks says, "none but a huntsman knows a huntsman's cares," especially when hounds divide and no one to bring them on.

We went to meet hounds at Lower Leamington full of hope for Golden Cross, the Rough Field, and all that, and the more so that it has so often happened when a counter attraction, like Cheltenham, draws the bulk of the Field away, an extra good hunt eventuates. What did however happen was that, hardly had hounds been put into covert when news came that just down the road Gerry Lousada had dropped dead off his horse, and so it just remained to give the foxhunter's

(Continued on page x)



CAPTAIN "BUNNY" TILDEN AND MRS. GEORGE SPENCER WITH THE QUORN

Two well knowns shot the day the Quorn met at Seagrave. The season's end is drawing very close now, but the Quorn, at any rate, have shown their followers wonderful sport, and some say, of course, never has it been better or less held up

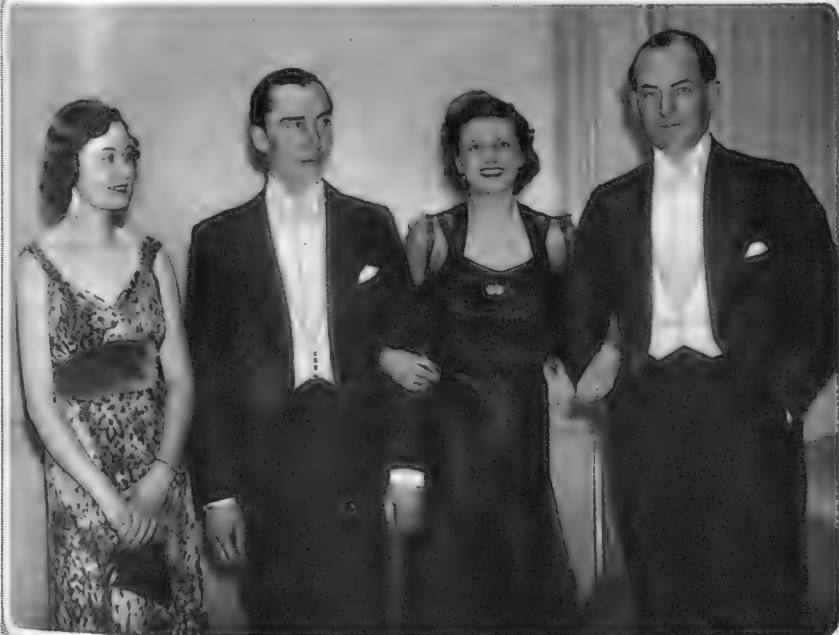
THE SHORNCLIFFE GARRISON DRAG HUNT BALL

MR. BASIL EUGSTER, IRISH GUARDS,
AND MISS VIRGINIA HUGHES-ONSLOWMR. R. P. P. SMYLY, MRS. R. T. G. HARRAP AND
MAJOR W. W. N. DAVIES SURVEY THE SCENECAPTAIN D. A. R. B. COOKE
AND MRS. GERALD HILL

CAPTAIN J. C. AND MRS. C. CAMERON



The Shornccliffe Garrison Drag Hunt Ball (line, the Grand Hotel, Folkestone) went, as all such events should, at top speed from start to finish, except for a half-way check for supper. The 2nd Battalion D.C.L.I. provides the present Master of the Shornccliffe Drag—to wit, Captain A. H. L. Farmer, whose C.O., Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Carkeet-James, duly attended the Ball. Mr. Anthony Gason is one of his Subalterns. The 13th/18th Hussars are also stationed at Shornccliffe, and, of course, hunt with the Drag. Their representatives here are Major W. W. N. Davies, Captain D. Cooke, Captain Anthony Stocker and Mr. Pat Smyly. Mrs. R. T. G. Harrap's husband is Adjutant. Captain Preston is a K.O.Y.L.I., and Major J. L. L. Lotinga a Royal Fusilier

(LEFT) MISS JOAN MOLESWORTH
AND MR. ANTHONY GASON

MISS SYMONS-JEUNE, CAPTAIN AND MRS. STOCKER AND MAJOR LOTINGA



COLONEL AND MRS. THORNTON AND COLONEL CARKEET-JAMES

Photos.: Arthur Owen



Bassano

AUDREY LUCAS

The late E. V. Lucas's daughter carries on the writing tradition and she lately published with Methuen "E. V. Lucas: A Portrait," which is being widely read. This "portrait" of a well-loved personality both moves and saddens

indulging in winter sport. Part and parcel of the modern—and absurd—snobbery of sport. Certainly very few among them looked attractive. All of them looked silly. Especially foolish because, judging by their appearance, certainly their build, good work on a strawberry ice appeared to be more likely their cup of tea than taking the Cresta run. However, their outfit, though on the cheaper side, was certainly very complete. And they wanted to show it off. One man even wore the usual "zipped" ski-ing jacket with a full tartan kilt. I suppose he was going to let no chances to impress pass him by. He certainly didn't. As the day was bitterly cold and the wind piercing I trust he felt satisfied. But I must confess it was quite amusing to see so many of these terrifically sporting figures, who, presumably, had rushed from the ice and snow to seize their seats in a departing train, being sick into a sea which, at its worst, could only be described as "very slightly rough." One felt that they ought rather to have been running up what rigging there happened to be about.

Well, I am sure they would all have valiant tales to tell the stay-at-homes when they reached their destinations. For months any unwary visitor who happens to mention Switzerland will risk having to regard them in a hundred snapshots taken in the snow. Consequently, the stay-at-homes will, it is to be hoped, envy them—those luckier people who have seen so much more of the world than they have. But I wonder if, in reality, they have seen so very much? That is, if the stay-at-homes themselves have ever sought to get right away from the confines, physical and mental, of their daily rut. For it is so easy to travel afar and yet bring back with you not one fresh point of view of life—which,

Foreign Adventure.

THE other day I crossed from Calais to Dover on a boat filled for the greater part with a strange assortment of English women—all attired in full ski-ing kit. I wondered why? Presumably they had gone to Switzerland dressed in their ordinary clothes. Then why not return in them? I suppose they hoped to impress the London taxi-men when they arrived with the fact that they had been

after all, is the only lasting "gem" which strange experience gives you for your memory's keep. You see so little if you merely go from one Ritz-Carlton to another, or from one English pension to another, where English people foregather, or if you visit merely those entertainments specially designed to pander to the tastes of trippers, or if, in your travels, you simply pass from your own daily routine and habits to the same kind of thing set in a foreign land. That is why books of travel-de-luxe depend so largely upon their photographs for any real interest.

Such a book, for example, as Mr. George Digby's "Down Wind" (Collins; 12s. 6d.), which is the story of anything other than a de-luxe type of adventure, tells you more of life and the world than a whole library of—let us say—a luxurious penetration into the wilds of darkest Africa or China-as-I-knew-it, by an ex-diplomat or Lady Blank. Mr. Digby's book of his experiences is laid, for the greater part, in China—he was for some years a hack-journalist in Shanghai—but it is chiefly the story of a young man who had to live by his wits most of the time, and who got to understand and love the Chinese in circumstances which had no social frills festooned on life. I have never been to China—I don't think I have ever met a Chinaman to have the very least intimate converse with him—but the more I read about China, especially China of the pre-modernised days, and understand, through books, the Chinese attitude towards life, the more I am convinced that they have touched a higher civilisation—philosophically speaking, anyway—than anything the West is ever likely to teach them. And their philosophy is so logical that to Western conclusions it often looks absurd. For it is a characteristic of most of our mental lines of thought that when our logic approaches some final conclusion we stop suddenly and build up a fantasy.

Take one example described in this most readable and interesting book. Have you ever heard of the Thieves' Guild? I hadn't. But by its parts of China have solved the problem of the misfits in social life. The actual and the

potential criminal, the man who cannot or will not work for his living in the ordinary forms of labour, and so, consequently, is a danger and a disruption to regularised everyday life, is forced to join a guild. To create mischief independently outside that guild is to court summary justice at the hands of the very member whose inclination originally was to plunder society likewise. In order to protect itself, society has to subscribe annually towards the fund of that guild, and, having paid its subscription, is immune for a year from theft and other crimes against its person and its property. Upon the fund the misfits live; they have a president, who is all-powerful, and woe betide any of its members, even those thieves who do not as yet belong, if they plunder the least article from the home of any of the subscribers. Their punishment is tremendous, but the police are not associated with it. In fact, thanks to the guild, there are scarcely any policemen in the district. So expense has been spared to everybody and life is as peaceable as life in a remote village. The Beggars' Guild works along the same lines. "What's more," the author adds, "and this is unanswerable, their system works and ours doesn't." And that, after all, is the acid test. When is a thief not a thief? The Thieves' Guild, whose members are called thieves because they do not steal—an organisation of thieves who do not

(Continued on page 518)



Bassano

IRENE RATHBONE

Whose new book, "When Days Were Years," is published by Faber and Faber. Miss Rathbone, successful novelist, belongs to that large family of Rathbone which settled in Liverpool in the late seventeenth century. It was connected with various works of philanthropy, was anti-Slave Trade, and sent Members to Parliament from time to time. The two representatives of the family who are perhaps the best known at the present moment are Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., and Basil Rathbone, the Shakespearean and film actor. Both are Irene Rathbone's cousins



MME. LEBRUN, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT
OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC



M. LEBRUN, G.C.B., BRITAIN'S HONOURED
AND DISTINGUISHED GUEST



The State visit of the President of the French Republic, all other acts, matters and things apart, is the symbol of that close friendship and political solidarity between our two countries which may yet prove to be the sheet-anchor of the peace of the world at large, and with which the world at this moment is so gravely concerned. It is with the utmost joy and delight that England has welcomed the President of the French Republic and his consort. They were met on arrival at Victoria by the King and Queen, and drove in state to Buckingham Palace, where in the evening there was the customary State banquet. The President is accompanied by the French Foreign Minister, M. Georges Bonnet, but Mme. Bonnet did not come with her husband

(ON LEFT)
MME. GEORGES BONNET, WIFE
OF THE FOREIGN MINISTER

(ON RIGHT)
MME. LOZE, LADY OF HONOUR
TO MME. LEBRUN

Photos: Henri Manuel



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

steal, keeping perfect faith with the public. Thieves as social reformers—in fact, thieves who are honest men! And if the author loves and admires the Chinese, so he hates and detests the Japanese as much as the Chinese do themselves. But he realises the danger of their fanatical egoism and patriotism. Japan, he also tells us, is nowadays the nerve centre of the nefarious trade in dope, in spite of Japan's lip-service to its suppression in the councils of the League of Nations.

He also tells us a strange story of how two corpses, the identity of which was so strangely surrounded by mystery, could likely have been the bodies of the young Tzarevitch and Grand Duchess Olga Feodorovna. He informed the British Consul-General of his suspicions, and there the story ended, except for an ex-naval officer, who, years later, continued the story: "Around that time," he said, "my ship brought home from Shanghai two coffins. Nobody aboard had the least idea of their identity, although, naturally, all kinds of theories were advanced. At Pompey a guard of honour was detailed, and the coffins were taken over to Osborne for burial." After leaving Shanghai the author earned his living for a while in Australia, first on a newspaper, and then as a rabbit-killer on country farms. During this period he relates a very curious experience. It is not a ghost-story, but it is extremely queer. He and his fellow-worker, a man named Cleaver, shared a small, lonely shack on a farm. The author declares he is not naturally a tidy man, but Cleaver was exceptionally untidy. Nevertheless, whenever they were away from the shack, even while they were asleep, their room was mysteriously put in order. At first each suspected the other, but when they both declared at last that they had done no tidying-up whatsoever they began to think some mysterious person from outside was by these means showing a personal interest in their welfare. But there was no one near enough to do so. Moreover, before they went to sleep they deliberately made the room untidy and marked the spot where they had placed their belongings. Yet, in the morning, everything was put away neatly. Certainly they were not frightened, but at last it got on their nerves.

Eventually came the explanation—if it was the explanation. The previous occupant of the shack had been an ex-sergeant-major, whose one mania was extreme neatness and discipline. He lived for it and by it. He died, and the theory had to be accepted at last that his spirit returned to the place in which he had taken so much personal pride, and, finding it in disorder, had left it nearer to his heart's desire. At least, no other explanation for the strange phenomenon was forthcoming, and the mysterious tidying-up continued so long as the author remained there, which was almost a year. In parenthesis, his book is full of such queer experiences. If you have already read his successful previous book of adventure, "Goose Feathers," you will enjoy this one too. In my opinion it is equally good—a story of actual experience in many parts of the world which is varied, unusual, and interesting to a degree. But why, oh, why, is there not a single illustration throughout the book?

Thoughts from "Down Wind."

"Taken by and large—and I really do not care who hears me say so—I believe that there are less actively unpleasant institutions and people in the British Isles than anywhere else on earth."

"Heaven preserve me from a people that can never be childish."

"Two of the hall-marks of true civilisation are the obligation not to interfere in your neighbour's affairs, and the unquestioned right to go to the devil in your own way."

"My experience of life is that we largely do the things we long to do and invent the reasons and excuses afterwards."

"Two people, thrown on one another entirely for companionship, frequently make the mistake of becoming too intimate. Human beings are interesting while the aura of mystery still hangs about them. Shorn of all mystery they quickly become boring. . . . Only a great love is proof against the destructive powers of familiarity."

A Great and Good Man.

I opened Neil Cantlie and George Sawyer's biography, "Sir James Cantlie: A Romance in Medicine" (Murray; 10s. 6d.), with an interest which was as personal as it was lively. Years ago I was one of Sir James's more obscure pupils anxious to learn the rudiments of first aid. His lessons remain one of the few happy memories of the war. How we laughed! Yet, at the same time—*how we learned!*

His pawky humour kept us all alive and interested. Whenever I think of a man who was both brilliant and lovable I think of Sir James Cantlie. This intensely interesting biography only increases my affection and respect. It is an inspiring history of a man whose modesty and unselfishness consequently never gave him the full recognition he deserved, but who, nevertheless, has done as much, perhaps more, for the science of medicine and nursing than many more world-famous men. Sir James came to London from Aberdeen at the age of twenty. He studied at Charing Cross Hospital, where he became demonstrator of anatomy. At the early age of twenty-six he was made assistant surgeon.

It was during these years that he became interested in the subject of first aid and organised a volunteer medical service—a service which later became the Royal Army Medical Corps (Territorial). Some years later he volunteered for service in Egypt, to help in fighting a severe cholera epidemic, and, this achieved, he began to realise that these voluntary services had probably robbed him of any chance to set up as a consulting surgeon in London. Consequently, he accepted the post vacated by Patrick Manson, in Hong Kong. Here, with his devoted and beloved

wife and family, he lived for nine years. There, too, he founded a branch of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and had, among his other Chinese pupils, Sun Yat Sen. He returned to London in 1896 and established a consulting practice in tropical medicine, and, together with Manson, helped to found the London School of Tropical Medicine and the Albert Docks Hospital for sufferers from tropical diseases. Throughout the Great War he and his wife worked stupendously, sacrificing themselves and most of their hard-won fortune. In 1918 he was knighted. Three years later, however, Lady Cantlie died, and with her death seemed to vanish all the happiness and ambition of his life. He died a few years later, almost as poor as when he had first come to London as a young student. But his work lives on, and even in the hearts of those who, like myself, only came in contact with him casually, the memory of his personality and kindness will live too. This interesting biography is an inspiring tribute to a great and good man. It should win thousands of readers.



MISS "SAM" HANBURY

A recent portrait of the daughter of the late Sir Cecil Hanbury and of Lady Hanbury and a granddaughter of the late Sir Thomas Hanbury. Sir Cecil Hanbury was a wonderful gardener, and La Mortola, Ventimiglia, where Lady Hanbury still lives, was, and still is, a beauty spot on the Italian Riviera

THE TALENTED HEROINE OF THE "PYGMALION" FILM AND HER QUITE NEW DAUGHTER



MISS WENDY HILLER (MRS. RONALD GOW)
AND ATTRACTIVE FAMILY, ANN

The "family" is only about six weeks old, but appears to be already taking a good deal of interest in things in general. Mr. Ronald Gow is a playwright, author of *Gallows Glorious*, produced at the Shaftesbury, and also in New York, and dramatiser of *Love on the Dole*, in which play Wendy Hiller came right to the front. Her brilliant playing of Eliza Doolittle, Mr. Bernard Shaw's now classic "*Sally Slapcabbage*," is of very recent memory. Eminent critics drew favourable comparisons with Mrs. Pat Campbell's original creation of the character on the stage. It is highly probable—in fact, practically certain—that Wendy Hiller's next film will be another Shaw story, *Major Barbara*, but nothing will take definite shape about this till a bit later in the year



Photos.: Sasha, Suffolk Street, S.W.

CONCERNING GOLF :: By HENRY LONGHURST

"WEALTHY West End Club Proprietor" Leonard Gullick, as you may have read, is engaged to be married to Miss Norma Williamson. He has run that remarkable institution, the Nineteenth Club, which he founded, for about eight years. Originally it had a nucleus of golfer members: now, though its full team could beat almost any you cared to pick against it, the Nineteenth is more of a social club and golf is not a general topic of conversation therein—which is possibly why I am so often to be found there. Leonard Gullick is a man of varied achievements—more varied, perhaps, than many of his friends suspect. He was a classical scholar at Cambridge and has written more than fifty articles for *Punch* over the initials "L. B. G." He used to be a scratch

making of "books" and "similar financial gaming transactions." They hope to see thereby a fairer allocation of handicaps and an improvement in the game in general. I doubt very much whether they will succeed in their appeal. The gambling instinct, combined with a man's natural desire for the liberty to do as he damned well pleases with his own money, will probably be too strong for them. Do you think that the auction sweeps that are run by so many entirely reputable social clubs lead to some rather "odd" handicaps? Personally, I do. I have had so many people complaining to me of the iniquities of the winner. "Played off fourteen! Absolute ramp, of course! I know for a fact he'd been down at So-and-so for three months having lessons with Such-and-such." How often I've heard that. Why, I have even seen it happen. Still, those are only isolated cases, and however bogus a fellow's handicap may be, there's no certainty that he will survive six or seven rounds of match play, with his guilt becoming more and more apparent as he goes along. A goodly percentage of these club tournaments are won by scratch players who are, to my mind, *ipso facto*, genuine. In any case I should look on it as an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject if I was informed by a golf union that I was not to bet with my friends; though please note that the Golfing Union of Ireland have by no means tried to forbid auction sweeps and the like: they have simply appealed to clubs to do without them. Perhaps one or two flagrant cases have forced them to take some sort of action. Nothing is more boring to a journalist—and I expect my colleagues will bear me out—than the qualifying rounds of a professional



OXFORD UNIVERSITY GOLF SIDE, 1939

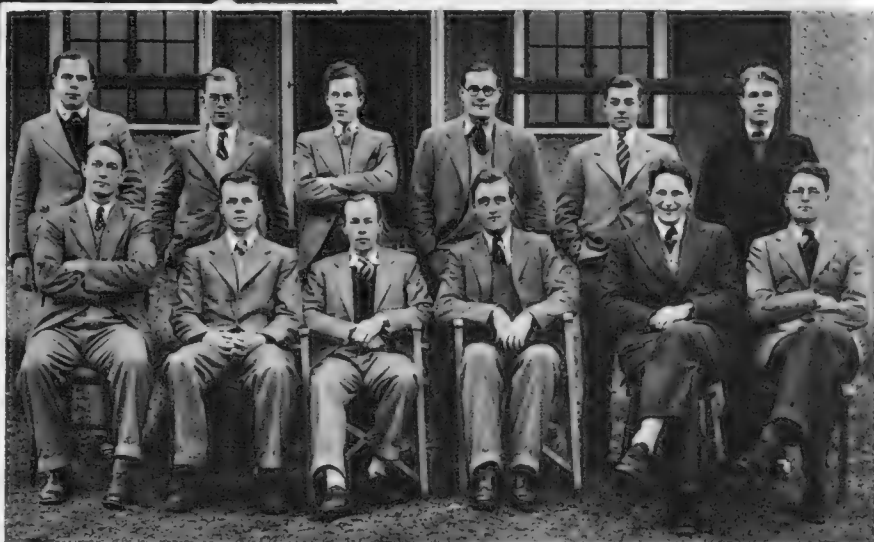
The team picked to play Cambridge at Sandwich on March 21-22, the result of the contest evading us owing to the exigencies of the printer

The names in the picture are: (l. to r., standing) G. W. E. Ray (Uppingham and Exeter), A. S. Gilbey (Harrow and Brasenose), R. O. Wynn (Glasgow Academy and Jesus), F. M. Forster (Wellington and Trinity), I. R. Briggs (Charterhouse and New); (sitting) S. Pether (Magdalen Coll. School and St. Peter's Hall), T. C. Harvey (Radley and Balliol; Sec.), J. S. Lawrie (Winchester and Brasenose; captain), C. E. Walker (Rossall and Corpus), D. H. Garrow (Winchester and Trinity), and R. C. Twining (Eton and Christ Church). A. J. B. Marsham (Eton and Christ Church) completes the side, but was absent doing an exam

golfer and has been a member of Royal St. George's for heaven knows how long.

The public at large seems quite astonishingly ignorant of the inner workings of newspaper offices, and it may therefore be news to one or two readers that every newspaper has a "Library," in which are filed Press-cuttings relating to almost every subject under the sun. The efficiency of the Librarian is superhuman and it is virtually impossible to find a subject that defeats him. Once I had a bright idea to write an article about the trees which, with the best will in the world, they have planted at the edge of some of London's new arterial roads, so close to the existing road that future widening will render it necessary to uproot them and at the same time endure one of these periodic controversies on "vandalism." I went to the library for information, and was at once handed a large envelope full of assorted cuttings marked "Arterial Roads, Trees on." The point of this apparent digression is that Leonard Gullick will also be filed away in his envelope in every newspaper's office, as a "wealthy West End club proprietor." Nothing that he can say or do will release him from this title, though I dare say that if he went to the Bankruptcy Court they would shove an "ex-" in front of the wealthy.

No gambling is allowed in the Nineteenth Club (see Rule 26) and, though we have an annual golf meeting, we don't indulge in one of those vast auction sweeps, which the Golfing Union of Ireland want to prohibit. They have appealed to their affiliated clubs to ban auction sweeps, the



Photos: Stuart

THE CAMBRIDGE GOLF SIDE v. OXFORD

The battle at Sandwich will still be in progress at the time this group appears. Here, however, are the names in the picture: (l. to r., standing) J. R. Cater (George Watson's Coll. and Jesus), R. B. Booth (Stowe and Pembroke), A. G. Buchanan (Stowe and Trinity), B. D. Carris (Harrow and St. John's), O. L. Reynolds (Cheltenham and Pembroke), N. B. F. Mann (Michaelhouse, South Africa, and Caius); (sitting) W. H. Halstead (St. Bees' and Emmanuel), S. G. Dalley (Hamilton, Ontario, and Emmanuel), J. D. A. Langley (Stowe and Trinity; captain), W. S. I. Whitelaw (Winchester and Trinity; Sec.), R. B. How (Eton and Trinity), and E. S. Browne (St. Bees' and Clare)

tournament. One is pretty well confined to the club-house, at any rate, working for an evening paper, which will require hour by hour reports, because one never knows when Snooks, the unknown assistant from Little Muddicombe, is going to come in and announce that he has gone round in 66. But, oh! how I wish I had been at Hunstanton for the Eastern Section of the *Daily Mail* qualifying rounds. What a day it must have been! Three full shots to cover 400 yards, balls blown off the putting green before the players could bend down to putt, 82 the best round of the day (by J. W. Holland, assistant at Great Yarmouth), and an aggregate of 169 leading the field by nine shots. J. Mackie, on his home course, took 85 and 95 and, with his average of 90, qualified sixth. Best of the lot, though, was H. N. Shaw, of March, who boldly entered cards of 96 and 110 for the magnificent total of 206—and qualified. Yes, I am sorry to have missed that one.

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE ALL-SEEING EYE

JUST A SLIGHT IMPRESSION OF THE EXPERIENCE OF APPEARING ON THE TELEVISION.



ALEXANDRA PALACE —

WE BOARD THE COACH AT BROADCASTING HOUSE

AND MAKE OUR WAY TO



WHERE WE ARE RECEIVED WITH

KINDLINESS, AND



ESCORTED



TO OUR

DRESSING ROOM.



WE ARE MADE UP SO THAT OUR BEARD DOESN'T SHOW,



POWDERED



EVEN ON THAT LITTLE BALD PATCH AT THE BACK!



THEN WE GET OUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE STUDIO THROUGH A PORT HOLE IN THE LONG CORRIDOR, WHICH IS FULL OF ACTORS, ACTRESSES, STAFF, AND FIRE BUCKETS.



— THEN INTO THE STUDIO.

A SAFARI THROUGH AN UNDERGROWTH OF CABLES BRINGS US TO



THE CAMERA, AN AWE INSPIRING AFFAIR LIKE AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN WITH THE PIPE SAWN OFF.

AND SO



WITH THE MICROPHONE OVERHEAD, AND THE LIGHTS CREATING A DELIGHTFUL TROPICAL ATMOSPHERE — LIKE AN AFTERNOON IN THE SAHARA — WE DO OUR STUFF.

"MEL" ON TELEVISION

Owing to an attack of that scourge of humanity, 'flu, "Mel" was unable to attend his usual weekly golf club dinner, at which his victims are always so pleased to see him; so he has produced some impressions gathered at the B.B.C. Television Station at Alexandra Palace. Drawing on a large scale with black chalk is an unusual medium for him: but that was not the whole trouble. "Mel" says that the lights are so strong that to escape getting sunburnt at the wrong time of the year, or even to avoid sunstroke on his bald head, he will wear a good, thick pith helmet next time!

VERY SOCIAL OCCASIONS

In Warwickshire and London



MISS STARKIE AND MR. E. HOLBECH AT
MR. DE COURCY PARRY'S HUNT BALL



MR. DE COURCY PARRY, M.F.H., SITS OUT WITH MISS BARBARA
ANSELL AT HIS HUNT BALL AT THE WELCOMBE HOTEL



MISS MARGARET DEANE DANCES
WITH SIR ANTHONY PALMER



MR. NOEL FITZHENRY DANCES
WITH MRS. MACNASH PORTER
AT HIS TYROLEAN PARTY

A very gay evening was had when Mr. de Courcy Parry's Hunt Ball took place not long ago at Stratford-on-Avon's Welcombe Hotel. There was a sad side to it, too, it being in the nature of a final fling, for Mr. de Courcy Parry has announced that he will not be hunting in the Warwickshire country next season. This good sportsman, "Dalesman" of "Horse and Hound" and "Boy" to his friends, has been providing fine fun once a week for many years, bringing his Welsh hounds to hunt the Stratford side by invitation. He will be greatly missed. Mr. Edward Holbech, son of the chairman of the Warwickshire Hunt Committee, had a very pretty partner in the person of Miss Diana Starkie. Other belles of the ball were Miss Barbara Ansell, owner, and Miss Margaret Deane, who started to hunt in Warwickshire at a very tender age. Sir Anthony Palmer, who is to be seen here, there and everywhere, lives near Cheltenham



AGREEING THAT BEER IS BEST: MR. VAN HAEFTEN
AND MRS. PORTER PHILLIPS



MORE GUESTS OF MR. FITZHENRY:
PRINCE AND PRINCESS DE MAHE

These three bottom pictures come from Chelsea. Setting, the late Rex Whistler's house; host, Mr. Noel Fitzhenry; big idea, Tyrolean disguises, Viennese music, Austrian food and lager to drink. Though everyone didn't fall in with the dressing-up plan, the general scene was very effective, and an atmosphere of the

greatest geniality prevailed. Mr. Fitzhenry, who proposes to be a public benefactor by giving several more parties (the next is to be a "Strauss" one), has a farm in South Africa, where he is very well known, and another in Sussex. In between agricultural and social activities he is writing a book on Zulus

Photographs: Swaebe



NINETTE DE VALOIS, DIRECTOR OF THE VIC-WELLS BALLET

"Anthony," Cromwell Place

The Vic-Wells Ballet company will appear before the King and Queen and the French President and Mme. Lebrun at the Royal Gala at Covent Garden to-night (22nd), under the direction of the charming lady whose portrait is above. They are giving two acts of the great Petipa-Tchaikowsky *The Sleeping Princess*, one of the most famous of all the classical ballets of the Maryinsky Theatre, St. Petersburg, and in its revival at Sadler's Wells the largest work ever undertaken there. Miss de Valois is, in fact, the creator of the company, which began its life eight years ago as an adjunct of the Sadler's Wells opera company and then consisted of herself and half-a-dozen young dancers. Since then she has worked as director, teacher, choreographer, and until recently as dancer to realise the once-derided belief of the late Lilian Baylis and herself that Britain was capable of producing a national ballet of its own. Besides the ballets which Miss de Valois has composed for her company, she has written *Invitation to the Ballet*, now in its third edition, and has another book in preparation. She is Irish by birth, and in private life is Mrs. Arthur Connell

AT WINDMILLHILL

The 1st and 2nd Cavalry Brigades' Meeting



CAPTAIN A. H. OSBORNE, WHO RODE
A WINNER, WITH MRS. OSBORNE



TALKING OF THIS AND THAT: MRS. HASKARD
AND THE DUKE OF SOMERSET



LADY SUSAN SEYMOUR IN THE
PADDOCK WITH MR. FITZGERALD



MISS BRIDGET DUNN



MISS VERONICA KING, MRS. C. B. C. HARVEY,
AND LORD GEORGE SCOTT, 10th HUSSARS

So fine and pleasant was it when the Salisbury Plain Race Club staged the 1st and 2nd Cavalry Brigades' meeting at Windmillhill that many feminine patrons, amongst them Miss Dunn, Miss Buxton, and Lady Susan Seymour, left hats at home. Lady Susan came from Maiden Bradley with her father, the Duke of Somerset, whose interest in all sporting events within reach of his Wiltshire home is of the keenest. Mrs. A. H. Osborne, wearing the trimmest of riding clothes, watched Captain Osborne get his Caricaturist home by a short head to win the Queen's Bays' Stapylton Cup in the best finish of the day. Mrs. C. B. C. Harvey was another proud wife, for

Major Harvey, 10th Hussars, won the Novices' 'Chase after being third in his Regimental Race, in which the Duke of Buccleuch's youngest brother, Lord George Scott, also rode. First and second 10th Hussars were, respectively, Mr. M. Grissell on Mr. M. F. Motley's Greek Memories and Mr. "Kim" Muir on his own Jack of the Vale. The other results were: 9th Lancers, Mr. D. S. Alhusen's Torin; 3rd Hussars, Captain A. B. Dawes's Marble Fly; 4th Hussars, Major E. E. G. Lillingston's Carlton Grange—owners up in all cases



MISS DIANA BUXTON

THE JAMAICA SEASON

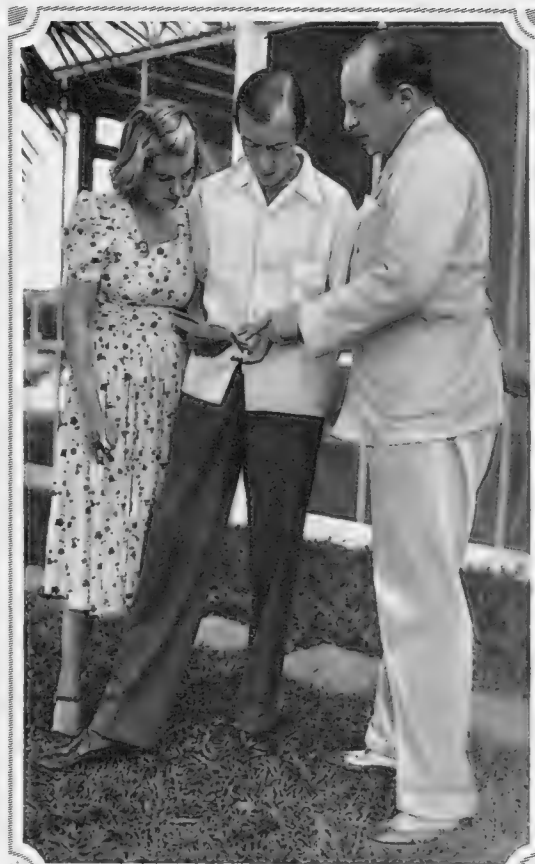
AT ITS ZENITH



MR. AND MRS. RUPERT BYASS AND
MISS PEGGY HAMILTON (CENTRE)
AT MONTEGO BAY



MISS MARION KIELBERG TAKES
TO THE WATER



MR. AND MRS. JOHN D. MACLEAN IN
CONFERENCE WITH MR. ARTHUR MENEKEN



MISS PEGGY SCRIVEN WAS
AT CONSTANT SPRINGS



ALSO AT MONTEGO BAY WERE CAPTAIN ARTHUR EVANS,
M.P., AND A CHARMING CANADIAN, MISS ALICE SHARPLES

The latest news of travellers in foreign parts comes from the land of rum, bananas, and at one time pirates, where the season has been a real good one. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Byass were at Montego Bay, a famous spot; she was, before her marriage to Sir Geoffrey Byass's brother and heir-presumptive in 1935, Miss Celia Palmer. Miss Marion Kielberg is an attractive Swede, and her father is one of the very big noises in the sugar world. Another interesting couple are the John D. Macleans, of Washington. With them is Mr. Arthur Meneken, Paramount's star news-photographer, taking a well-earned rest after his dangerous news-reel work in Spain. Miss Peggy Scriven is another "celeb" in these parts. Captain Arthur Evans is M.P. for Cardiff, and his charming photographic companion, Miss Alice Sharples, hails from Montreal. Major Egerton and his wife are touring Jamaica. He was formerly in the Coldstream, and is a younger son of the late Colonel Sir Alfred Egerton, one time Comptroller to the Duke of Connaught.



MR. JOHN CHALLONER AND MAJOR JOSSLYN
EGERTON DISCUSS THEIR BATHE

ENTERTAINMENTS

à la CARTE

By
ALAN
BOTT

Dead Men, Telling Tales

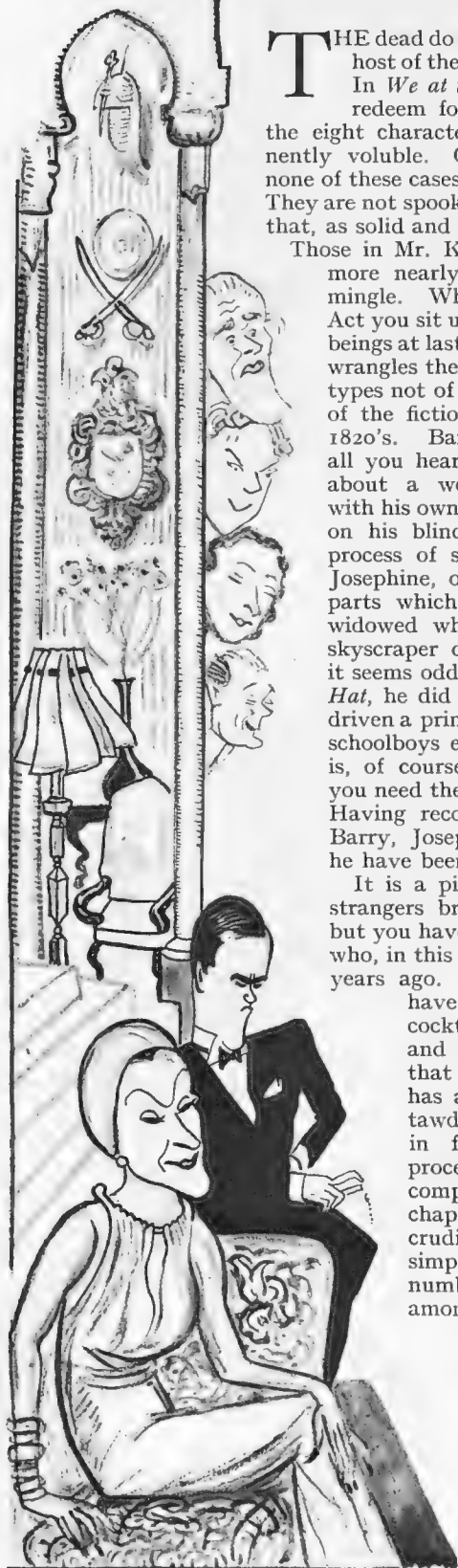
THE dead do get around in the London theatre. There are a host of them in *Johnson Over Jordan*, now at the Saville. In *We at the Crossroads*, at the Globe, four nice dead 'uns redeem four nasty live 'uns. And at the Garrick, six of the eight characters in *The Mother* are dead but visible and eminently voluble. Only, there is a new fashion in *revenants*: in none of these cases are they dim spectres or tenuous ghosts, as of old. They are not spooks but symbols, not phantoms but fantasia; and at that, as solid and substantial as most characters in most plays.

Those in Mr. Keith Winter's *We at the Crossroads*, in fact, are more nearly normal than the live people with whom they mingle. When they arrive at the beginning of the second Act you sit up and take pleased notice, on finding some human beings at last. But then, the members of the house-party whose wrangles they have interrupted are types rather than people: types not of the times, moreover, but of the 1920's, or rather, of the fiction in that most vulgar of all decades since the 1820's. Barry, the host, is held to be a clever novelist, but all you hear from him are some glossy epigrams and much about a world in decay, which he insists on investing with his own spiritual impotence. He trains savage rudeness on his blind secretary and his sister Helen, who is in process of stupidly losing Denis, her slick husband, to Josephine, one of those lurid ladies who play up to the parts which scandal demands of them. Josephine was widowed when her husband took a flying leap from a skyscraper on the second night of their marriage; and it seems odds-on that, like Boy Whatsisname in *The Green Hat*, he did it for purity. Since then she is said to have driven a prince or two to drink, and got one or more public schoolboys expelled for rising to unlawful occasions. She is, of course, "glamorous"; but to regard her as such you need the outlook of a Denis or the expelled schoolboy. Having recognised Mr. Winter's purpose in presenting his Barry, Josephine, Helen and Denis as tawdry people, need he have been so drastic and have devoted a whole Act to it?

It is a pity, for the play warms up as soon as the four strangers breezily enter. They claim to be lost travellers, but you have been prepared for a visitation from four tourists who, in this neighbourhood, vanished without trace some years ago. Are these their phantoms? If so, they

have kept their appetite for cocktails and cold supper. Deftly and gradually it is indicated that each of the mysterious four has an affinity with one of the tawdries in the villa. They are, in fact, Earlier Selves, who proceed to reform Barry and company. Denis, in a chap-to-chap talk, is appalled by the crudities but held by the firm simplicities of his opposite number. A pleasant spinster among the strangers recognises

SELVES AND OTHER-SELVES: (LEFT, TOP TO BOTTOM) HARRY ANDREWS, DORICE FORDRED, JILL ESMOND, JOHN MILLS, HUGH WILLIAMS, ENA BURRILL. (RIGHT) ADRIANNE ALLEN, RONALD WARD, ROBERT HARRIS



Josephine as a nice girl really, and even a virgin; and Josephine admits it in their woman-to-woman encounter (it seems that her husband dived from the skyscraper because he wasn't partial to women, and that the expelled schoolboy was a wretch who lied for vanity). A third visitant shows Helen, in the course of her young wives' tale, how not to behave when a husband prefers Another. The fourth uncovers Barry as a secret idealist; and Barry, naturally insulted at this, shoots him while ugly-drunk. Only, the bullets go right through his body; and the Other Selves disappear into the bourne whence travellers do sometimes return, in plays based on metaphysics-for-the-million. But joy cometh in the morning. Helen, having learned not to clutch at what isn't there, will now let Denis go; but Denis, purged of vain desire, sings in the domestic choir. Barry recognises that the world can be saved by the glory of the individual. Josephine proposes to, and is accepted by, the blind man, who thereafter delivers a fairly powerful sermon in the dark.

Well, there is a good deal in the theme and something of consequence in two-thirds of the play. Many, indeed, may like it a lot. For me, I never quite got over the first Act, and the more so because the Barry by Mr. Hugh Williams (whom I have often admired elsewhere), seemed overdone, and three of the other rôles, as acted, seemed pretty dim. Miss Adrienne Allen did a clear-cut rendering of the possessive wife. Among the Better Selves, Miss Dorice Fordred evoked contentment so acutely that when she described her spinster's cottage you could almost hear the click of the garden gate; Miss Jill Esmond gave point and radiance to her young matron; and the bumptious, puppylike but engaging young husband, by Mr. John Mills, was a pleasure to watch. Mr. Robert Harris, as the blind secretary, was eloquent and, at times, moving.

BECAUSE of what they stand for, *The Mother's* dead are grim as any old-time spectres. They, and the mother herself, are victims of men's concepts and catchwords. When the play opens the Mother cherishes four sons and two familiar ghosts—that of her soldier-husband, who died in battle for military honour (or rather, a colonel's mistake) and that of her first-born, who died of yellow fever in medical duty (or if as a mother, you prefer it, in foolhardy experiment). They are affectionate but unemotional ghosts, who treat her calmly even when she sees them joined by her second son, killed while breaking a record in aviation; even when her twins follow, having died bravely on opposite sides in a Civil War; even when she lies prostrate at their feet on hearing of her latest loss in a cause she cannot understand. They realise that the causes for which men die grow stale before women's grief is spent; but still they will not turn from honour and duty and male daring, the reapers of death.

And now the most urgent of causes, defence of their wantonly invaded country, demands the Mother's last-born, a fragile young poet. Overcoming the boy's impulse to join his friends in the firing-line, she will hide him in the cellar. But can she overcome the pressure from her dead? They are implacable, all five of them, in demanding for duty and honour the last sacrifice; for if this war be lost, they died for nothing and nothing is left of them. To strengthen their influence on the Mother, they bring with them the ancient ghost of her father, who adds the weight of tradition to the pressure of honour and duty. She gives way, and is bereft of all but the chill shades.

As drama, Karel Capek's last play suffers from a monotony which is inevitable when the central situation recurs thus often. As a tract for the times, or even a variation on the old theme that men must dare and women must weep, it is potent and half-way toward being splendid. It would be wholly so if Capek were a poet as well as a sincere playwright and an able analyst of the human race; if, like the poet who wrote *Riders to the Sea*, he had clothed despair in beauty.

Miss Louise Hampton, as the Mother, draws pity out of anguish, but saves her audience from the embarrassment of pain. It is her best performance to date; but then, it is by far her best opportunity to date. Messrs. Raymond Lovell, Anthony Hawtrey, and Eliot Makcham are persuasive in indicating that, like men, ghosts are unwise and curiously planned. Mr. Nigel Stock, as the revolutionary son, is oddly attractive in life and death. Mr. Miles Malleson, as producer, has done well with his patterns of stillness among the family shades, and excellently well with his radio-effects.



THE MOTHER: LOUISE HAMPTON



Photo: Utudjian

MME. JEANNE PROVOST CHEZ ELLE

This famous French actress has shaken the dust of the Comédie Française—shall we say?—from off her soul, so that she can give more of her time to film work. She is a grande coquette, both of the screen and the stage. It might be said that this is a case of "what one loses on the swings one gains on the roundabouts"

AT the long last, things sometimes end by happening, Très Cher, and the inauguration of the new Théâtre National du Palais de Chaillot has really taken place. We have waited for this a long time, but we have not waited in vain. Such gorgeousness, such luxury, such spaciousness! It is easily the "finest theatre in the whole world," and this makes one a little nervous. So many of the finest theatres in Paris are standing empty. The Théâtre Pigalle, so lavishly built by Henri de Rothschild, with its marvellous machinery and lighting effects, and the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, to cite but two. The latter was built by Gabriel Astruc, who was the Paris sponsor of Serge de Diaghilew, and it is there that so many Grand Opera and Russian Ballet seasons have, in the past, alternated with Symphony concerts and recitals, to say nothing of variety entertainments when all else failed. Not that the latter succeeded any better than the classical productions. Such theatres cost too much to run in a country where amusements are taxed so heavily. Besides, *le peuple*—since one presumes that a National Theatre is for "the people"—always seem to resent spaciousness. The smaller, the shabbier and more uncomfortable the theatre, the more they crowd to it.

Consider the throngs at Bobino, or even the bigger and more luxurious "A.B.C.," where one wonders how the gallery lads and lassies can manage to see the performers through the haze of tobacco-smoke. Every night hundreds of patrons are turned away from these establishments, and yet when

Priscilla in Paris

exactly the same performance is given at the Alhambra, those hundreds fail to turn up where they could have found room. Half the success of the Six-Day bicycle race, now taking place at the "Vel d'Hiv"—as the *velodrome d'hiver* is called—is due to the excitement of jostling and being jostled. From at least one-third of the seats, only two-thirds of the track can be seen, and these are the seats that are always packed, not because they are cheaper, for they are *not*, but because their occupants push and crane and edge along the benches until they increase their field of vision, and, having achieved this much at the expense and discomfort of their unresentful neighbours, they are happy. If they can evade the none too watchful eye of the attendants and climb into the iron supports of the balconies and thence into the girders of the roof itself, their joy is complete, for they cannot be dislodged till the velodrome is cleared, at six a.m.; for the daily airing and sweeping.

This reminds me of a story told me by Max Viterbo, the manager of the tiny Capucines, where there are certain end-of-the-front-row stalls, on either side of the proscenium, from which it is difficult to get a full view of the stage. Every evening the occupants of these seats complain to the ushers or at the box office. Very politely they are promised better seats, "although," it is added, "no one has ever complained before"! A few minutes later the occupants of, let us say, stalls A and B are conducted, by a different route from that of the holders of Y and Z seats, to the other side of the auditorium, and *vice versa*. The exchange has not made the slightest amelioration to their view of the stage, and yet, in nine cases out of ten, no more complaints are heard. I seem to have travelled rather far from the "National Theatre" of the "Palais Chaillot" (the "Palais Chaillot" being, by the way, just another name for our old friend the "Trocadero," which was demolished in honour of Exposition 1937!), and I must journey, uphill, half-across Paris to return there. The opening night was the usual democratic affair that are all official functions in this lovely but undecoratively governed country (being half-French myself I may say these things). President Lebrun and his good lady, whom we are really sorry to lose after his seven years of office that are now closing, applauded the scenes from *Esther* (Comédie Française), *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (Odéon), and the ballet *Gisèle* (Grand Opéra), which he must know by heart, and the audience wore its Sunday best as conceived by all the very best artists in raiment and . . . the lady-who-comes-to-sew-and-brings-her-lunch-in-a-paper-bag!

More exciting fare was offered at Charles de Rochefort's shabbier theatre next evening: a new play, *Tropica*, written in French by two English girls, the Misses Madeleine Masson and Joan Lindberg. The three acts are situated somewhere in Africa, and take in their stride: a good deal of drinking, a *souçon* of incest, a suicide and a few other pastimes dear to the young modern dramatists. A brilliant assembly gathered at the first night. Very silver-foxy, ermine-ish and Russian-sable-y, not a vulgar bunny amongst 'em. The usual *habitués* were reinforced by many of the gentlemanly lassies and ladylike lads who patronise various bars and cabarets such as "Suzy Solidor's" and "O'Detts." It was all "tray par-ee-si-ang" and not a bit official.

PRISCILLA.



Hay Wrightson

H.H. PRINCESS GEORGE CHAVCHAVADZE, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS PIANIST

Before her marriage last year to this royal Russian pianist, Princess Chavchavadze was the Comtesse Jacques de Breteuil, widow of the Comte de Breteuil. The Princess, who is an extremely popular personality, is very intelligent but far from highbrow, and belongs to the cosmopolitan French society which likes to have an anchorage here and there in Europe. They have a house in Paris, a lovely villa in Florence, and a palazzo in Venice, which they share with the Princesse Edmond de Polignac. Prince George Chavchavadze, son of the late Prince Chavchavadze of Tzinandali and of Princess Troubetskoy, began to learn music at the tender age of four. He is giving a recital at the Wigmore Hall on Friday next, March 24th, at 8.30

young modern dramatists. A brilliant assembly gathered at the first night. Very silver-foxy, ermine-ish and Russian-sable-y, not a vulgar bunny amongst 'em. The usual *habitués* were reinforced by many of the gentlemanly lassies and ladylike lads who patronise various bars and cabarets such as "Suzy Solidor's" and "O'Detts." It was all "tray par-ee-si-ang" and not a bit official.

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES



ROBERT DONAT AND GREER GARSON AS MR. AND MRS. CHIPS
IN THE FILM VERSION OF "GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS"



SHIRLEY ROSS, ONE OF THE MANY LEADING LIGHTS
IN THE PARAMOUNT FIRMAMENT



MADELEINE CARROLL AND FRED MacMURRAY, TWO OF THE LEADS
IN PARAMOUNT'S "CAFÉ SOCIETY"

Here is some news and a few views of what is happening in the film world. First and foremost we hear that the much-awaited film version of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, will soon be making its bow to the public. Robert Donat takes the part of Mr. Chips, the schoolmaster, and Greer Garson plays his wife. In the stage version these parts were played respectively by Leslie Banks and Constance Cummings. In *Café Society*, at the Plaza, Madeleine Carroll has a part which suits her down to the ground: a haughty beauty who sweeps through the picture with her nose in the air. She gets herself married to Fred MacMurray, and they then settle down to a bickering life. Betty Grable has just made a new picture called *Campus Dormitory*, but it is said that it will not be seen over here with that title. Betty Grable is, in private life, Mrs. Jackie Coogan



BETTY GRABLE AS SHE APPEARS IN HER LATEST
PICTURE, "CAMPUS DORMITORY"

AT THE ITALIAN EMBASSY



GUESTS OF H.E. THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR AND CONTESSA GRANDI: SIGNORA ORTONA, SIGNORINA PARESCO, SIGNORA CALDERARA AND COLONEL CESARE RUGGERI LADERCHI



CONTESSA RUGGERI LADERCHI, SIGNORA TELESIO, SIGNORA TRENCHI, CAPITANO TRENCHI, PROFESSOR MAGNOCAVALLO, SIGNORINA CASTAGNOLA AND SIGNOR GIOVANNI TELESIO



ALL SMILES: SIGNOR GIOVANNI TELESIO DANCING WITH HIS GOOD-LOOKING WIFE



CONTESSA GRANDI AND SIGNOR EGIDIO ORTONA



H.E. THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR SITS AND TALKS TO CONTESSA RUGGERI LADERCHI

The supper-and-dance party given at 4, Grosvenor Square by H.E. the Italian Ambassador and Contessa Grandi after the first Court of the season admirably rounded off an impressive evening for members of the Italian Embassy and their friends. Good-looking wearers of Court dress and uniforms made the party outstandingly decorative, and the hostess, in her picture gown of aquamarine satin with diamond tiara, necklace and bracelets, was a veritable vision. Six of the ladies shown here had been presented to the King and Queen by Contessa Grandi, namely, Signora Ortona, wife of the Second Secretary, Italian Embassy; Signora Calderara, wife of the Air Attaché; Signora Telesio, whose husband is Special Attaché; Signora Trenchi, wife of Capitano Trenchi, Assistant Naval Attaché; Signorina Castagnola, and Contessa Ruggeri Laderchi, whose husband, Colonel Cesare Ruggeri Laderchi, is Military Attaché.



WANTED, AN ALIBI

By C. AMBLER



London Bridge

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—still going
strong



THE LANDING

By ALFRED HAGEL



AMONGST THOSE ABOUT TO BE PRESENT

Left to Right:

MR. ARTHUR SAINSBURY TOMMY ELDER
HERBERT SMITH
OWEN ANTHONY

MR. LOUIS STODDARD

THE HON. DOROTHY PAGET

JACK FAWCUS

MR. JAMES

This year's great steeplechase is about as open as any in its whole history. For weeks past we have been presented with something like a fact that over most periods of ten years in the history of the Grand National, the mathematical odds against a horse completing the course from risks besides the formidable fences: loose horses comprise one of them, and a pretty constant one. So pay your money and take your choice! Willow (Sir Edward Hanmer's), Royal Mail (Mrs. Evans's), Workman (Sir Alexander Maguire's), Coolen, (Mr. James).

AT AINTREE



AT THE GRAND NATIONAL ON MARCH 24

JACK MOLONEY LORD BICESTER GERRY WILSON "FRENCHIE" NICHOLSON
 MRS. JAMES V. RANK SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD MR. JAMES B. HANBURY THE HON. MRS. V. MUNDY
 TOMMY CAREY SIR FRANCIS TOWLE

write per day, and it would be quite true to say that this year the uncertainty is a bit more "glorious" than ever. Taking into consideration the
 ny and every cause work out to about 4.25 to 1, the difficulty of the tipster's task may be in some measure visualized. There are many other
 Royal Danieli (Mr. McNally's gallant runner-up last year), Kilstar (Miss Dorothy Paget's), Under Bid (Sir Humphrey de Trafford's), Teme
 es V. Rank's), pick 'em where you like—but probably lucky Miss Paget's horse will have as big a following as any

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THE TATLER
March 22, 1939



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CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN 25 FOR 1/3 50 FOR 2/5 100 FOR 4/8



NCC 415

"THE WARD" POINT-TO-POINT



LIEUT.-COL. GRATTAN-BELLEVUE LEADS IN HIS WINNER, MY LAD (MR. A. N. G. REYNOLDS UP)



AMONGST "THE GALLERY": MISS JUDY POST, MR. C. FORBES RUSSELL, MISS BIDDY JAMESON, AND H.E. MAURICE GOOR AND SON



AMERICAN SUPPORTERS: MRS. JOHN CUDAHY AND MRS. SHUTTACK



ON THE JUDGES' STAND: MR. R. H. USHER, LORD HOLMPATRICK (JUDGE) AND MR. RICHARD KELLY



LORD AND LADY DUNSANY

Photos: Poole, Dublin

When George Whyte Melville wrote: "For a horse may be grassed and his rider be floored in a couple of shakes when they start with the Ward," he spoke the literal truth, for the South Meath (Dublin) country, over which Eire's only pack of staghounds hunt in perfect amity, be it said, with the Meath foxhound pack, is a fair snorter! Lord and Lady Dunsany were caught when tramping it to the big double in this line at Creakens-town, near Ratoath, where this contest was run. The obstacle means a ditch on and off with the father and mother of a mountain between. Quite safe to an Irish horse who has more sense in one ear than an English one has in his whole head, but a Maginot Line, no less! The only blot in the general jollity was the news that Mr. Justice Wylie, Master since 1925, is retiring at the end of the present season. A long and very great innings for a man who has as tight a seat on the Bench as he has on a horse—and that is saying something. It was quite in order, therefore, that his Lordship should own the winner of the Hunt Cup, Alleghany, but a pity he did not get up and ride him himself, which he is quite capable of doing, for few better men have ever ridden across this country. The actual jockey was Mr. Dennis Baggally, well known in the Meath country. As to other "celebs," H.E. Maurice Goor is the Belgian Ambassador to Eire. America was well represented by Mrs. Cudahy, wife of H.E. the American Minister, who is very fond of having a cut with the Ward and the Meath



A DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION IN CAIRO FOR THE
CROWN PRINCE OF IRAN

This reception to the young Crown Prince of Iran was held at the Zapparane Palace shortly before his marriage on March 15 to the Princess Fawzia, sister of King Farouk. In this group are (l. to r.) Mme. Mahomed Khalil Bey, Sir Miles Lampson, the British Ambassador, Lady Lampson, and the Crown Prince

"DUTCH COURAGE" is a thing about which it has become the custom to speak somewhat slightly; but, in some measure, I am convinced that that is the thing which we are going to need more or less soon. Reference is not made to the courage of the Netherlands, which, as we in this country know full well, has never been in any question, but to the courage to back up the Dutch courage.

A nice little story from the fox-hunting meadow has come my way and is about one of those people who only go out hunting because they want to do everything that is handsome and popular. This cove, resplendently dressed, was Public Tarmacker No. 1—a very brave crew, as we must all admit. He was hopelessly lost and met a hard-riding little wench who was hacking home after hounds had just broken up their second fox:

"Can you tell me where the hounds are?" says he.

"Do you *really* want to know?" says she.



AT THE UNION PARTY AT OXFORD

A group of more than usual interest, because it embraces (l. to r.) Mr. Gyles Isham, first-flight actor and the only man to be President of both the Union and the O.U.D.S.; Miss Amy Buller, warden of Home Students, Liverpool University; and the Hon. Frank and Mrs. Pakenham

Pictures in the Fire



Truman Howell

AT THE 1st AND 2nd CAVALRY BRIGADES' 'CHASES

First-class fun was had by one and all at this meeting at the now-famous Windmillhill course, Tidworth. Amongst those present were (on left) the Master of Grant, Lord Strathspey's son and heir, with his wife—married last September—and (on right) Captain and Mrs. W. M. Fox, he being in the Coldstream

This other one also rather attracts me. A hunting pundit was giving the world a bit of instruction about what is called cub-hunting.

"The way this is carried on," he said, "is that a young, or cub, hound is coupled or tied to an old one, who is thus able to teach him his job."

Will George Barker, George Tongue, Will Pope, W. Fitzsimons (of Meath), and others, please note. He did not say what a whipper-in is for, but if he had he would probably have told us that it was to give the dogs a thorough good larruping.



AT PRINCE FERDINAND LIECHTENSTEIN'S PARTY AT DAVOS

From information received, every one of the forty guests who came from far and high enjoyed themselves enormously

In the picture: (l. to r.) Miss Adelaide Whitehouse, then the host, Baroness Waldraut von Stumm, Count Engelbert Arco, and Mme. Lalouette, the former Gräfin Marianne Rümerskirch

By "SABRETACHE"



Truman Howell

ALSO AT THE WINDMILLHILL 'CHASES

The meeting was honoured by the presence of both the C.-in-C. Aldershot and C.-in-C. Southern Command, Lieut.-General Sir John Dill and Lieut.-General Archibald Wavell, who are seen with (on right) Major Mark Roddick, 10th R.H., who rode the winner of the Salisbury Cup

Not one of the least interesting of the many recent announcements as to the part which you, I, and the other chap can, and must, play in the National cause in the event of another war, is the one relating to the employment of an always rather ill-used class, our solicitors. Look how meanly the average writer of fiction treats solicitors: usually represented as either red-nosed robbers or congenital apes. Field officers get very much the same thing! The announcement



ALSO AT PRINCE FERDINAND LIECHTENSTEIN'S GAY PARTY

Another group snapped at La Ferme, Davos, and in it are Prince Erik Arenberg and the Countess Bernstorff, the former Miss Bridget Gilligan



DISTINGUISHED GLOBE-TROTTERS IN BURMA

A group taken at a picnic at one of the beauty spots in the Shan States during the visit of the famous scientist and artist Herr Domizlaff, a director of Siemens-Halske and other concerns, who, with his wife and Baron von Blumenthal, flew to Burma

In the picture: (l. to r.) Mrs. Hodgkinson, Col. Monteith (D.G., Medical Services, Burma), Herr and Frau Domizlaff, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Monteith, Mr. and Mrs. Brommage, and Baron von Blumenthal

suggests the employment of solicitors as something other than just cannon-fodder. This branch of the law, like all the other branches, has ever played a gallant part in the fighting-line and would not have to be asked to do its bit. The new scheme, however, seems to contemplate something other than this. No details have been divulged so far—but it is quite improbable that solicitors will be wanted to advise the authorities as to whether an air raid is merely a tort or an indictable offence. There is obviously one department to which solicitors might render the greatest assistance—the Intelligence. War blows everything kite-high, including the obligation of professional secrecy. Acts, matters and things connected with the private lives of clients, which, in peace time, might not seem to be of any significance at all, might be of vital importance to the Secret Service upon the impact of war. Solicitors are the repositories of so many murky pasts which in the piping times of peace are of no more than individual and domestic concern, but which on the outbreak of hostilities might quite easily acquire a totally different value. The ramifications of the spy system are so extensive and so complicated that details, however apparently unimportant, might prove to be the little missing pieces in the eternal jig-saw puzzle, and their importance could only be correctly weighed by the experts who are in possession of all the other pieces.

An exhibition of pictures of Africa in many moods, by Winifred Parsons, which opened at Walker's Galleries, New Bond Street, on the 20th, is one that people who are fond of work by a good craftsman would do well not to miss. To get these most attractive colour notes, Mrs. Parsons motored 16,000 miles through Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika and the Belgian Congo, often quite alone.

(Continued on page ii)



SOME MORE OF THE RECENT UNION PARTY AT OXFORD

For accompanying picture see the previous page. As to this one, the information is that it is of a presentation, and the actors are (l. to r.) Mr. Robert Kee, Miss Lulu Abul-Hadu, Miss Isobel Brewer, Mr. Dick Symonds, and Mr. Julian Amery, son of the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P.



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY GREYHOUNDS XV.

Oxford University Greyhounds have had a very successful season and they recently added Sussex Rovers to their list of victims, beating them by the big margin of 24 points to nil on the Ifley Road ground at Oxford. R. H. Cooper, G. Hollis and J. A. Christison scored for the Greyhounds in the first half, and the same three players added tries in the second half. I. H. Watts kicked three goals.

Left to right: (back row) G. Nicholson, J. A. Christison, G. M. Hector, B. J. Stubbings, I. L. Spalding, J. Marland, R. H. Cooper, M. W. D. Williams, R. J. P. Morris and R. Thomas; (sitting) T. J. Cowan, I. H. Watts, G. Hollis, Major R. V. Stanley, D. G. Coles and J. Bevan.

DEAR TATLER—

FORTY years ago Louis Magee captained the last Irish side to win the Triple Crown. Since then the Irishmen have had many disappointments, but this season it looked as if their turn had come at last. Victories over England and Scotland, it may be, had led to their prowess being somewhat over-estimated, and, at any rate, it was a sorely-shaken Irish crowd that watched their men go down to defeat at Belfast. There was not a great deal in it, only a dropped goal and a try to nothing, and even those points were obtained in the last few minutes. But there can be no doubt that the better side won, and whilst most people will be unable to avoid feeling considerable sympathy for Ireland, they are bound to congratulate Wales on a brilliant, if rather unexpected, victory.

It is quite possible that the appalling nature of the ground had something to do with the Irish defeat. There is a common belief that a heavy ground is bound to favour forward play, and so it does to a certain extent. But the tearaway tactics of the Irishmen would have been better suited by a ground not quite so heavy, and the Welsh plan of campaign was intended to bring the packs down to practical equality, as far as rushes were concerned. From the start they shoved, and shoved with a will. Even Eddie Long, of Swansea, pushed hard, and, with their backs supporting them splendidly, they reaped at the eleventh hour the harvest of their labours. Howard Davies played a magnificent game at full back; M. J. Davies, the centre who was so unaccountably overlooked at Oxford in a bad year for centres, again showed what a wonderfully sound player he is, and W. T. H. Davies, of Swansea, besides playing a remarkably clever game throughout, scored all the Welsh points. But the forwards won the match,

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

and so well did they play that it would not be fair to pick out one more than another for special mention.

At Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, with a much depleted side, were just beaten in the last minute by Warwickshire. They were, perforce, without T. R. Harris, the stand-off half, who has done so much for them in previous matches, whilst the local hero, R. E. Price, of Weston, was covering himself with glory at Belfast. Somerset, however, held their own up to half-time, when they led by a penalty goal, but eventually they were worn down and finally defeated by a brilliant try by R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, who, as a true-born Scot, already capped by his country, has no doubt every right to play for Warwickshire.

Kendal is one of the strongholds of the Rugby Union in the North of England. It was in 1871 that the game was first played in Kendal, and it is interesting to note that one of the players in this season, J. W. Weston, afterwards Sir John Weston, M.P., appeared in the first University match, getting his Oxford Blue in 1871. Enthusiasm for the game grew quickly, and in 1881 there were no fewer than

eight teams in the town, the chief of which were the celebrated Kendal Hornets and Kendal Town. The Hornets produced many players of note, perhaps the most famous being "Buff" Berry, who left Kendal for Tyldesley and played for Lancashire and England in 1891.

From 1898 to 1904 the game was played under Northern Union rules, but on August 25, 1905, a meeting was held at which the present club was formed, the intention being to reintroduce the good old game, to play it in its true amateur spirit, and to regain some of the renown so justly earned by the local clubs in bygone days. Since that time the club has prospered, and it must have been particularly gratifying to the few founders to see their efforts crowned with the magnificent success of the club in its third year, the season 1907-8, when, of twenty-eight games played, twenty-two were won and five drawn, 355 points being scored against only 61. To mark the success of that season the awarding of "honours caps" was instituted. This practice is followed to the present day, caps being awarded for the season in which a player first makes fifteen appearances with the first fifteen.

Westmorland, having no county championship side, the Kendal players assist Cumberland, and such names as Joe Blackburn, Slater Huck, Stanley Alexander, Tom Martindale, and the brothers Smith, will recall to many those pre-war games in which Cumberland occupied a higher position in the championship table than it does at present. Of the players mentioned, Slater, Huck and Stanley Alexander both gained North Trials, whilst the latter has been chairman of the Kendal Club since 1932. On several occasions no fewer than seven Kendal players have worn the Cumberland blue in the same match. The club can boast of but one international—Sam Martindale—who was capped in 1929, and who played in fifty-one county

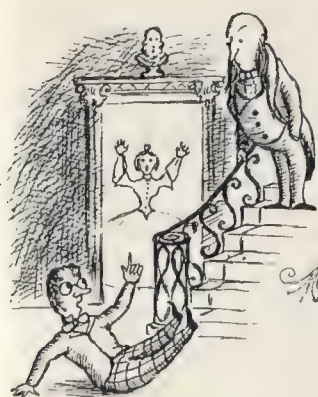
(Continued on page 556)



NORTHERN LIGHTS: KENDAL RUGBY CLUB'S FIRST XV.

They have been playing Rugby at Kendal since 1871 and to-day it is more than ever a northern stronghold of the game. For details of the fine record of the Kendal Rugby Club, founded in 1905, read what "Harlequin" has to say. The names of the 1938-39 first team shown here are:

(Back row) R. C. Cranswick, R. A. Miles, J. S. Marshall, C. Rigg and P. Jones; (middle row) A. M. J. Jenner, T. Wilson, T. H. H. Hodgson, L. H. Collison and W. R. Palmer; (front row) T. Langhorn, J. C. Brooks, J. E. Jordon (captain), A. Johnson and W. Robinson.



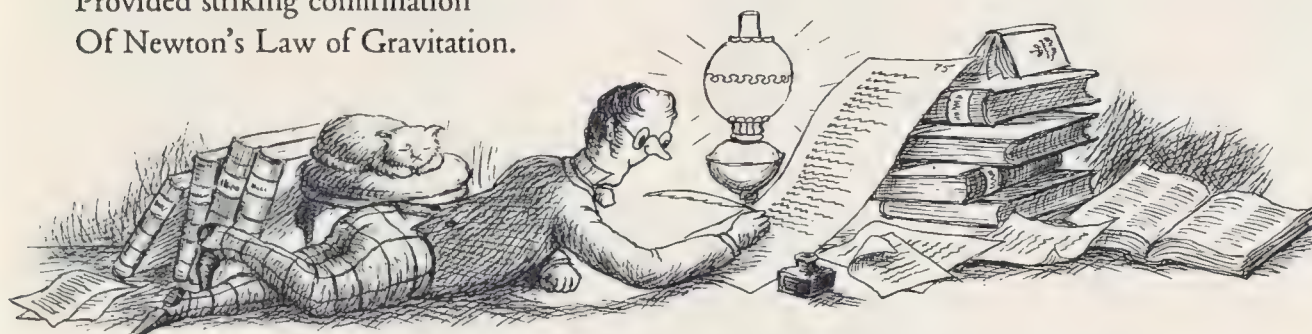
ENQUIRING EDWARD

An Instructive Tale



YOUNG Edward Egge, as we shall find,
Possessed a most enquiring mind;
He had a sort of natural bent
For what is called Experiment.

For instance, when he fell downstairs,
Although in need of some repairs,
He said he did not mind at all
Because this rather nasty fall
Provided striking confirmation
Of Newton's Law of Gravitation.



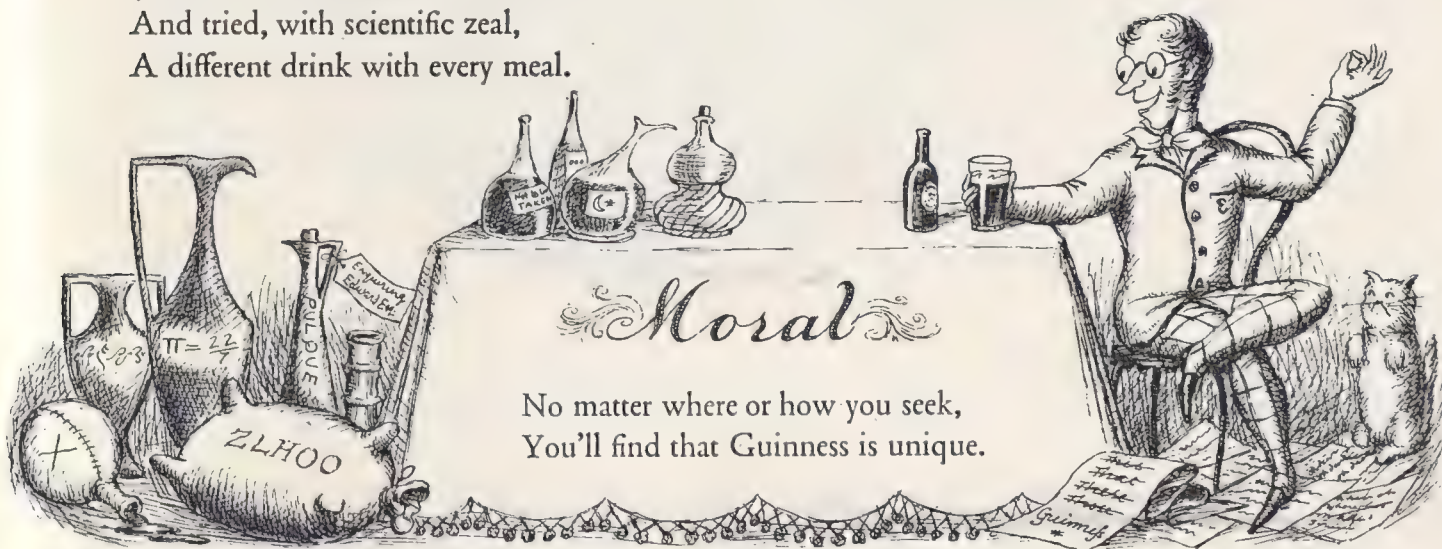
So when he heard some people say
(As people do from day to day)
"There's nothing like a Guinness", Ned
Resolved to test what they had said.

He made a list—some eighty pages—
Of all the other beverages,
From Absinthe (made in France) to Zlhoo
(Distilled from dates in Timbuctoo),
And tried, with scientific zeal,
A different drink with every meal.

It took the persevering Ned
Four years to work from A to Z,
And when at last he got to "Finis"
He settled down to try a Guinness.

He poured it out and watched it flow,
Admired its head, its ruby glow,
And thinking "It looks exquisite"
He tentatively tasted it.

It really was a moving sight
To see his transports of delight
As right into his inmost soul
The goodness of the Guinness stole.
With manly tears his eyes were wet
As rapture mingled with regret
To think of all the years he'd wasted
With this quite peerless drink untasted.



Moral

No matter where or how you seek,
You'll find that Guinness is unique.



TALLULAH BANKHEAD IN
"THE LITTLE FOXES"

This play, in which the famous actress is now appearing, is at the National Theatre in New York, and she is said to have the kind of part she likes. Last year Tallulah Bankhead had a good success in *The Circle*, in which her husband, John Emery, had a part. Although Tallulah Bankhead has not been with us for many years, her numerous London successes are green in our memories. One of her last appearances was as Marguerite in *The Lady of the Camellias*, at the Lyric

A TEACHER was doing her best to sell some class photographs to her pupils. "Now, children," she said, "just think how you'll enjoy looking at the photographs when you grow up. As you look you'll say to yourself, 'There's Jean, she's a nurse; there's Tom, he's a judge; and—'"

"There's teacher," cried a small boy, "she's dead."

A small boy went up to an old man in the street and asked: "What's the time, sir?"

"Five to twelve, sonnie."

"Well, at twelve o'clock get your hair cut," said the lad, and started to run.

The man chased him down the street and at last ran into a constable.

"What's the matter?" asked the arm of the law.

"That boy asked me the time, and when I said five to twelve, he said at twelve o'clock I was to get my hair cut."

"Well, what are you running for?" said the policeman. "You've got two minutes yet!"



Photos: Vandamm

KATHARINE HEPBURN, TO APPEAR IN
"THE PHILADELPHIA WAY"

This new film, in which one of the screen's best is to play lead, is by Phillip Barrie, and is only one of Katharine Hepburn's more recent activities, for we in England have seen her in that good picture *Free to Live*, in which Cary Grant was the male lead. She has also—so runs the news—been approached to star in a picture called *Three Steps Down*, to be directed by E. H. Griffith

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

After listening to the usual damaging comparison between the girls of to-day and the girls of years ago, a pert young modern remarked:

"Well, if they were all so darned innocent then, how did they know when to blush?"

"No, sir," said the defendant, "I was certainly not drunk, though I may have been intoxicated."

"Well," said the magistrate, "I intended to fine you ten shillings, but in view of your explanation I will make it half a sovereign."

The publicity agent to a film-star had been running short of ideas, but at last he thought he had a bright one. Accordingly he went to his employer and said:

"I'm going to work up a story that your pet poodle swallowed all your diamonds."

"Think again," snapped the film-star. "That won't do. People will think I only have enough diamonds to fill a poodle."

A certain school is situated on a busy road, and a policeman is stationed there to see the children safely across it.

One day a burly constable was talking with some other men, and two small boys were waiting to be escorted across.

Getting impatient, one called out: "Hey, copper! Wot about it? We've got work to do!"

The inebriated one was leaning against the lamp-post, when a policeman found him. He shook the drunk. "You can't stand around here," he advised. "Go on home to bed."

The reveller blinked a bleary eye.

"What time ish it?" he inquired.

The officer looked at his watch.

"It's just six o'clock in the morning."

The other shook his head.

"Too late," he hiccupped. "I get up at five-thirty."

The fight was between two heavyweights, Puncher Smith and Killer Jones. In the very first round, Puncher hit the floor hard five times, and just before the bell he went down for the full count by one of the Killer's wicked rights.

The winner was promptly rushed to the microphone, where he said a few modest words. By this time, Puncher had come to, and managed to stagger to his feet. Whereupon the announcer came over and brought the microphone close up to the loser's battered face. "Come

on," he coaxed, "say a few words to the millions who are listening-in to-night."

Puncher tried to keep his knees from collapsing. He heard sounds like the chirping of thousands of birds. Then he said to the "mike," dizzily: "Ladies and gentlemen—this is the greatest fight of my career—and may the best man win!"



"Fashion Show" by Bear Brand

If you have, in the past, paid very healthy prices for stockings that have proved decidedly delicate you will welcome the information that Bear Brand stockings demand no more than a sum varying between 3/11 and 6/11.

For this modest pittance they offer you sheer loveliness and a most tenacious lease of life. Incidentally you have the choice of Bear Brand sheer ringless stockings; or Bear Brand "Sy-metra"—the stockings with the seams which *always* stay straight.

Bear Brand
CREPE LUXURY STOCKINGS

3/11 4/11 6/11



AMONGST THOSE PRESENT AT THE TEDWORTH'S BALL



FROM LEICESTERSHIRE: SIR KEITH
AND LADY NUTTALL



MAJOR MARK SYKES, MISS SYKES AND
MR. R. DE C. VIGORS



MR. A. L. F. ERRINGTON (4th H.) AND
MISS BIDDY COURAGE



MISS DE WEND-FENTON AND LIEUT.-COL.
J. D. L. WEND-FENTON (C.O. 3rd H.)



MISS D. MUIR AND MAJOR C. B.
HARVEY (10th R.H.)

Photos.: Truman Howell



THE HON. CHRISTOPHER BECKETT AND
THE HON. MRS. KITSON



LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. E. B. DE FONBLANQUE

Tidworth House, where this revel was held, being in the home town of the Southern Command and the Tedworth country so adjacent to that warlike centre, it was scarcely surprising to find "Spanner's Horse" in very strong force in its various entities: Inniskillings; 11th H. (Major Mark Sykes, A.P.M. Southern Command); 3rd H. (for C.O. and pretty niece see picture); 10th R.H. (Major C. B. Harvey will probably have won the Grand Military with "Santick" by the time this sees the light); 4th H. (Mr. Errington, seen with Miss Biddy Courage, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Courage, who live in the Bicester country, who is engaged to Mr. Bob Archer-Shee, 10th R.H.); 9th L. (the Hon. Christopher Beckett, Lord Grimthorpe's son and heir); Royals (Captain Gosling); and R.H.A., by Colonel de Fonblanque, greatly famed in Army International jumping contests. A real good party was the unanimous verdict!



CAPTAIN AND MRS. E. F. GOSLING

Only an inspired couturier could have conceived such flattery and exquisite femininity! Roseviennes blouse is a froth of frilly lace—delicate, filmy against a background of ivory triple ninon. From the Blouse Salon for 4 Gns.

Harrods
Harrods Ltd
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The "Maid of the Mist"



Mary came out to her father as he stood at the wheel steering the hulk in the wake of the tug far ahead

By ROBERT VERNON LEESE

FROM somewhere up the mountain, behind the shoulder of the first bench and hidden in the dense screen of evergreens, a donkey-engine whistled a shrill, clear note. The sound died away and gave place to another like the soft sigh of a breeze in the tree-tops. Momentarily it grew to a roar as a huge spruce-log, propelled by its own weight, raced down the steep slope and thundered into the bay with a shower of spray.

To the girl, leaning on the wooden taffrail of the old log-carrier lying outside the boom, it was a fascinating sight. Her eager gaze darted over the verdant forest of tall, straight trees that covered the mountain-side and lost themselves in the pearl-grey mists above; it swept over the logs slowly gathering within the confines of the boom-sticks, and came to rest on a huge pile of floating logs around which men were fastening cables.

A door opened in the cabin behind her, and the master crossed the narrow space of deck and joined her at the rail.

"Looking over the sights, lass?" he asked gently.

"Yes, Dad." And she slipped her arm affectionately through his. "What are they doing over there?"

"Getting a Davis raft ready for the long tow to Vancouver, or, maybe, one of the big paper-mills down the coast."

"When will they start loading this ship?"

"Ship, you say?" and he snorted with disgust. "She's nothing but a wooden hulk now—she's seen her day." He ran his eyes sorrowfully over the battered deck and stumps of masts. "It's sad to see a stout craft come to this. She was a trim brig once. Aye, I've seen her often enough in the old days, sailing out of Victoria under as good a spread of canvas as ever a man could wish. Now she's only a name. One after another, steam's finished them all."

"You loved the old sailing days, didn't you?" she asked, patting his hand.

(Continued on page 550)

**THE NEW
VOGUE FOR BEAUTY
ROW UPON ROW OF
GLAMOROUS PEARLS**

Pearls are in the ascendant and many well-known women have been choosing two, three, four and even five row Necklaces from the Tecla collection. Some have selected rare specimen Pearls of indescribable beauty costing as much as a thousand pounds. Others have spent no more than ten guineas because at No. 7 Old Bond Street one can choose Pearls that are guaranteed for a lifetime — for as little as five guineas per row. No matter what you wish to pay—Tecla, the leading cultured Real Pearl specialist offers the best quality and the biggest variety by far.



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THE "MAID OF THE MIST"—(Contd. from p. 548)

"Aye, and why not, lass? I was a master then, with a ship to be proud of, not a waterlogged hulk to be steered in the wake of a tug."

"Never mind, Dad; it's going to be fun being together, and I'm going to enjoy every minute of the trip."

"So you think it will be fun cooking for your old Dad and half-a-dozen men who haven't enough salt in them to be able to tie a knot or handle a rope? I'm afraid, lass, ye'll be changing your mind if we strike a blow crossing Hecate Straits; it's a dirty stretch, being as it's so shallow."

"You forget I was born on the sea."

"But mighty little you've seen of it, Mary."

He patted her shoulder, then turned away abruptly and moved forward to superintend the stowing of the logs. "Good girl," he muttered as he went; it didn't make any difference to her that he was only in charge of a hulk—little more than a watchman.

For a time Mary watched the great logs hoisted over the side and lowered into the gaping hold. The weight of each lift caused the old hulk to heel over, and the stump of a mast, which once had been a towering spar, quivered with the strain on the derrick. Log after log was taken on before Mary turned to the little galley and the work of preparing a meal.

When the last log was hoisted and the lashing cables secured, the old man signalled for the tug, then turned to the forward deck to examine the heavy chain that had once held her swinging safely at anchorage. Now the anchor was gone, and the old chain served as a towing shackle. He did not like the set-up, and cursed it in muttered grumbles as he checked the fastenings of the end of cable that held it catted on the drum at a few fathoms. It would have pleased him better to tow on a bridle, she would have steered more easily, he knew, and ridden a sea as she was meant to ride one.

Leaning on the rail and waiting for the tug to come alongside, he puffed at his pipe, and scanned the straits beyond the curve of the bay. Like all old salts, he was of a superstitious nature, and at this moment he was filled with a premonition that all would not be well on this voyage down the coast. Hadn't he dreamed last night of a white lady? And didn't he have the same dream the night before his ship had piled up and cost him his ticket? He wished he hadn't the girl aboard. He'd feel better if he were alone.

When the tug snorted alongside to pick up the chain and make fast, he eyed her with disgust. "Almost ready for the breakers," he muttered, spitting venomously over the side, "and a danged sight too small to handle this tow in a bit of weather." Now he knew he was in for something, and he stumped off with the intention of making Mary stay off at the camp. She could come down on the next passenger-boat to call in.

Mary only laughed at his request when he came to her in the little cabin. Where could she stay in a camp full of men, she wanted to know? No, she would stay with him. She wasn't afraid of his silly old dreams, and she playfully tousled his grizzled hair.

The moon was riding high when they towed out into the straits and met the long rolls of the Pacific swell. There was a light breeze coming out of the north-west, and the sky was clear.

Mary came out to her father as he stood at the wheel steering the hulk in the wake of the tug far ahead. Wrapped in a heavy coat, propped against the cabin behind her, she watched the long steel tow-line flashing phosphorescent in the rise and fall of the swell. Above her head the pale stars came out one by one, and the after-glow of the sunset faded and merged into the shadows of night. The moonlight glittered over the water in a long silver ribbon. A little romantic sigh escaped from Mary's lips; and the old man glanced back at her face, part shadow, part pale loveliness.

"Sighing for the moon?" he asked with a chuckle.

"No; because of it," she answered softly. "It's so wonderful."

"Aye, it's a fine enough night, but the glass is dropping. There'll be a blow later, or I can't read the signs."

The master's forecast was right, for along about midnight the wind veered to the west and freshened into half a gale, whipping the shallow water into an ugly chop.

The old man squinted at the faint outline of hills looming in the distance, a darker shadow against the velvet of night, then he snuffed up-wind like an old hunting dog, and cast an experienced eye over the tumbling water. He had

hoped they would reach the protected waters of Granville Channel before the gale struck them. It was one thing to sail your own ship in the open sea and lay your own course—the whistle and hum of the rigging was music then—but it was another matter to dawdle along behind a tug, without canvas or power to meet an emergency. The wind grew in intensity and the old hulk tossed and ploughed in the rising seas. Spray flew at her bows.

The roll and pitch of the old ship roused Mary. Unable to sleep, she climbed from the narrow bunk, dressed hurriedly, and crept out to join her father. The force of the wind buffeted her slender body and swept her loosened hair about her face.

"Ye'd do better to stay in your cabin, lass," he roared in her ear. But she shook her head and smiled up into his face as she clung to the rail beside him.

"Where are we?" she cried, above the howl of the gale.

He guessed her question, rather than heard her words, for the force of the wind made mock of her girlish voice.

"Nearly across—soon be into Browning Entrance, and out of the beat of the wind. Ye aren't scared, Mary?"

Again she shook her head.

The seas were breaking on the old hulk's quarter now, and the waist was running with foam. The old man roared to the watchman to check the water in the hold and rouse the crew to stand by to man the pumps.

All through the night Mary crouched by her father, thrilled by the violence of the storm. Several times he besought her to turn in, but she stubbornly refused, insisting that all desire to sleep was gone, and she wanted to watch the tumble and toss of the sea. Her father let her have her way, understanding how the sea ran in her blood, and pleased that she was not afraid.

So the night passed, sung to by the screaming wind, howling to the accompaniment of the clanking pumps. Dawn broke in a clear, wind-swept sky, and the growing light disclosed the channel dead ahead, so close that the breaking surf was plainly visible on the rocky, formidable shores of the islands, between which it lead to sheltered water. The master gave a sigh of relief.

"It's been a tough night, but we'll have breakfast on an even keel yet," he told Mary.

The words had scarcely been uttered when the cat-wire snapped with a bang like a pistol shot, and the anchor chain paid out faster and faster as its own weight was added to the drag of the tow-line.

With a string of oaths, the master sprang forward, bellowing orders with the voice of a fog-horn. By the time he and the crew had reached the forward deck, the damage was done, and six-hundred fathoms of chain now hung heavy on the tow-line, dragging it down to the bottom. It brought the little tug up short, and for a moment acted as an anchor to the old hulk. She swung slowly on the chain as she veered round head up to the wind. For a few minutes she lay broadside to the trough of the sea, and keeled at a desperate angle as the angry seas broke over her beam in great surges of green water.

Mary clung frantically to the rail, unable to keep a footing on the sloping deck. Wave after wave broke against the weather side, shooting spray high into the air, drenching the girl and flooding the waist. The men forward grasped at anything solid enough to sustain their weight. One man missed his hold and went over in a sheet of water, but managed to grab the rail as it passed beneath him.

For one stark moment they clung helplessly to their supports, then it was over and the hulk rode nose to the wind.

The old man drew a long breath as she came round, and thanked God the cargo hadn't shifted.

She was riding easy now, though the seas still broke in foaming spray over her bow. The respite gave the master time to look to the tug. He could see her slowly taking in the tow-line, her stern a smother of foam. He had little hope she would be able to lift the weight of so much chain. What wouldn't he give for a boiler of steam! His one donkey was cold. It would take hours to raise enough pressure to work the winch, and in the meantime he was slowly, but surely, dragging towards the rocks and the pounding surf. Still, if he could haul in enough chain to lift it a foot or two from the bottom there would be a chance to save the hulk and its cargo. It was a chance. God give him time! He roared to the men to fire the donkey—to stoke her till she was red-hot. When the smoke was belching from the funnel and there was nothing to do but wait, he turned to watch the valiant efforts of the little tug to get the chain raised.

(Continued on page 549)

This England . . .



Isle of Wight—from Stenbury Down

ONCE a beloved playground of the Romans, Vectis the gentle suffered like the rest in the rough and tumble that is English history. Here is many a tale of raid and rapine, even of a Christmas feasting spoiled five hundred years ago, the day being spent in driving off the French. Later (a pretty tale) when “Boney’s” menace lay upon our land, the women left to work the fields wore scarlet coats to cheat the watching eyes at sea. And since in England all good things survive, so is the isle a playground once again. Though you be an “outlander” yet are you welcome, for this too is England . . . as gently mellow in her strength as another grand survival of your past—the Worthington you’ll need (and find) wherever you may play.

... by Worthington



THE "CALEDONIA," THE GRAND OLD LADY OF SIXTEEN ATLANTIC CROSSINGS, COMES HOME TO REST AT SOUTHAMPTON. She had just battled her way from Durban with mail and passengers, and so high was the wind that passengers had to be landed by motor-launch—a very rare occurrence. No air line in the world can compare with the regular Empire schedule of Imperial Airways in length, variety of conditions, and completeness of organisation. At any hour of the night or day, half a dozen of their fleet of twenty-eight flying-boats are in the air.

Miniplanes.

HORSES are expensive, especially the ones with steel stomachs. To keep a stable of two or three hundred merely to get about the country by air is lavish, however you look at it, and so, if private flying is to take full advantage of the impetus conferred upon it by the Civil Air Guard scheme, it must cut the horses and get down to the aerodynamics. And that seems to be what it is doing. In readiness for the large amount of Civil Air Guard flying that is likely to be done in the future, designers have been busy designing, and builders building, and there are many small machines coming forward with engines of less than a hundred horse-power, and some with engines of only thirty or so horse-power. They make up for their low power by lightness, simplicity and clean lines.

Work on these machines will receive a further stimulus from the new race to be held by the Royal Aero Club this year. It is for machines with engines of less than 150 h.p., and, as I mentioned the other day, Lord Wakefield has provided a trophy and £500 in prize money. The Civil Air Guard and this race should have the effect of forcing forward the development of the low-power machine. One of the most interesting things will be to see if the pusher type achieves popularity. There are several small machines designed as pushers, with tricycle undercarriages. Now, most people who have flown pushers—and I have done quite a bit of time in them myself—agree that they give a purer sensation of flight than tractors. There is no noise (or smell) in front, and no airscrew. One sits in a casement—magic or otherwise, according to the weather—opening on an interesting landscape. These little pushers are quite likely to push their way into popularity.

Name, Please.

And, by the way, before I leave these small machines, I must revert to the question of what they are going to be called. They all come within the low-power category, but not necessarily the very low power. "Ultra-light aeroplanes" would therefore hardly be right. But what are they? They are not "light aeroplanes" as we have known that class of machine in the past. I said a new name for them was wanted ages ago; the need is even greater to-day.

Grasshoppers, donkey-planes, flippers, featherplanes, miniplanes, autocraft, autokites, and air-crates have all been suggested, and no doubt many other names besides. But none of these suggestions seems to have stuck, and I suppose we shall have to wait for the edict of the user, who is nearly always the final authority in such matters. Probably at some aerodrome bar one evening, the eventual name will be coined by one of those amiable asses who have a genius for happy phrases and neat neologisms.

Secret.

In some ways, it is enjoyable having the Air Ministry banging about the house of aviation—civil and military. It is such a nice, fat, placid department, and it rarely gets worked up in the way some departments have a habit of doing. But its placidity was slightly stirred the other day when I took it to task about the manner in which it has been treating its own secrecy regulations. One of the things that seemed to hurt it was that I said that it had allowed a manufacturer to circulate performance figures for a machine when those figures were still supposed to be secret. Technically—or shall I borrow the Ministry's own phraseology and say "in principle"?—this was a gross injustice; for the machine was actually on the open list at the time. But here is the question: Why,

(Continued on page 556)



NORMAN GLADWELL, WINNER OF THE EAST AFRICAN STANDARD TROPHY

The Aero Club of East Africa contains a very much alive body of members who are always thinking up something new to maintain interest in aviation. The latest event was the Aerial Derby for the East African Standard Trophy. Machines had to fly two laps of a 14½-mile triangular course on handicap. The winner, Mr. Norman Gladwell, whose time was 15 minutes 55 seconds, is seen above with his machine, a Puss Moth which, incidentally, used to belong to the late Duchess of Bedford

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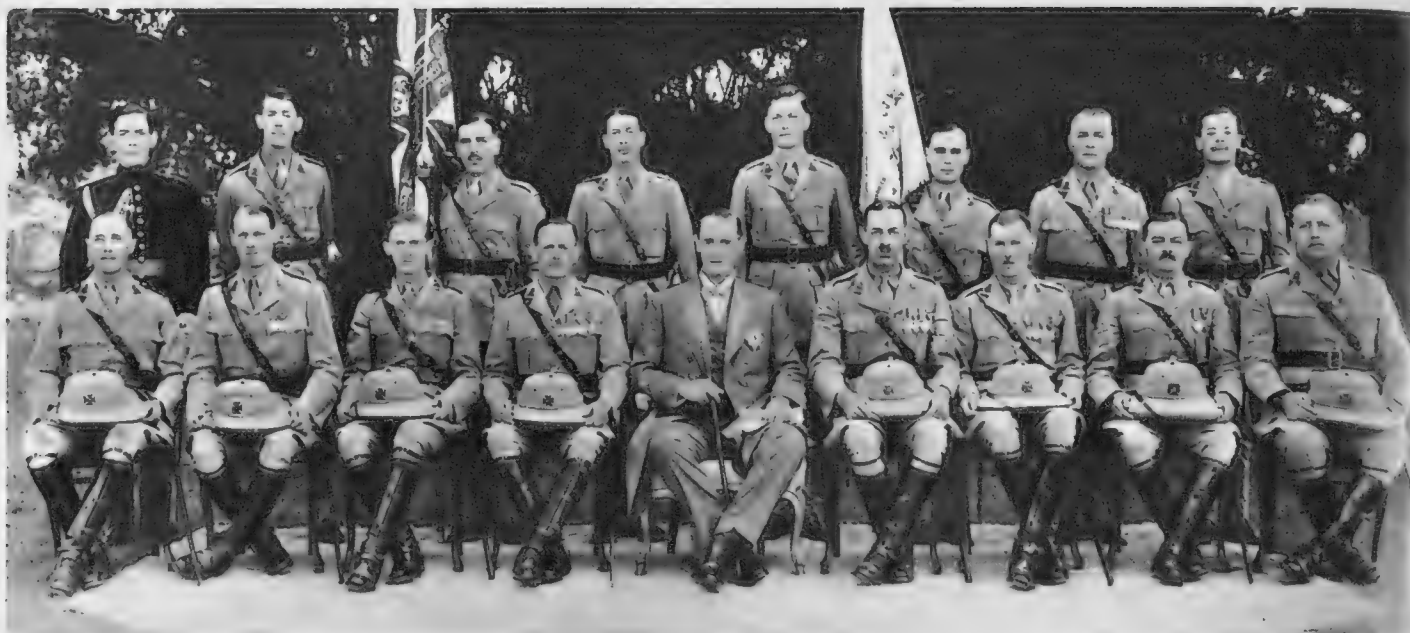
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THE PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS TO THE 1st BATTALION THE WILTSHIRE REGIMENT BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY OF INDIA (LORD LINLITHGOW) AT BANGALORE

The Wiltshire Regiment is formed of the old 62nd and 99th Regiments. The first was embodied in the year 1756 in the Highlands of Scotland, and the second at Glasgow in 1824. The first Battalion, the old 62nd Foot, is now stationed at Bangalore, which is one of the best stations in Southern India. All ranks were deeply honoured by the Viceroy presenting them with their new colours. The above photograph was taken after the ceremony at the Regimental Headquarters

The names in the picture are: (l. to r., standing) A.D.C. to H.E. the Viceroy, Capt. J. R. A. Slee, Lieut. G. Wort, Lieut. the Lord Seymour, Lieut. R. W. Stephenson, 2nd-Lieut. V. G. Cunynghame, Lieut. and Q.M. J. C. Newton, M.M., 2nd-Lieut. E. A. P. Ferro; (sitting) Capt. R. Ashley, Major R. M. P. Beaven, Lieut. and Adj. H. M. A. Hunter, Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Segrave, H.E. the Viceroy, Major J. M. Ponsford, M.C., Major G. P. Oldfield, Major W. E. Ludford, Capt. L. H. Wood

Channel Tunnel.

TRUE politeness demands that we should apologise to President Lebrun and to Mme. Lebrun for the absence of a Channel tunnel. Instead of stepping into the Presidential Renault, in Paris, and stepping out of it in London, they must engage in an intervening battle with boats. It seems remarkable that road transport should not be available all the way for such a popular *parcours* as that between London and Paris. Certainly there is no engineering difficulty about building a Channel tunnel; certainly the labour is available; certainly the money could be found; certainly such a tunnel would be immensely popular with English motorists. Why, then, have the numerous proposals for such a tunnel come to nothing? The project has been debated on both sides of the Straits of Dover for nearly a century, but with the growth of motor traffic it gains in interest. The first plans seriously put forward were those of a French engineer, with whom Stephenson, on this side, co-operated. Queen Victoria supported the plan, but it fell through.

Then there was the House of Commons Committee and then Mr. MacDonald's decision, based on the views of five statesmen. Marshal Foch said that, had such a tunnel been in existence, it might have prevented the war of 1914, and would certainly have shortened it. Personally, I do not feel that opposition to the tunnel has ever been either rationally or nationally based. I think it has been based mainly on laziness. It would be troublesome and difficult to put the project into execution. It would require sustained effort. As we all know how strongly averse from sustained effort people are to-day, we may assume that motorists will still have to go through the business with boats for many years to come.

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

Doubts.

And perhaps it may not be such a bad thing, after all. If we could guarantee that a tunnel would ensure a supply to this country of French freedom and gaiety and humanity, all would be well. But it might be the other way about. English manners and customs might flow outwards, and eventually Paris might become tainted with them and be turned into a city of smugness and solemnity, police- and prude-ridden, a sort of lesser London. That would indeed be dreadful, and would diminish drastically the pleasures of motor touring abroad, if not entirely eliminate them.

So perhaps it is all to the good that there is that strip of water which helps to protect French customs (with a small "c") and habits of thought. Moreover, it would seem a little queer to work on a Channel tunnel when there is such urgent need for roads nearer home. I seem to remember, for instance, a thing called the "Bressey Report," which set out the road needs of London. The Minister of Transport described it as "monumental," and perhaps that was a truer term than he thought at the time, for now the report looks as if it will become a monument to Government short-sightedness and Ministry of Transport inactivity. Good roads for London come before a Channel tunnel.

Eats.

I am still getting occasional letters about my remarks not long ago in these notes on the wretchedness of English cooking. Among the letters comes one more challenge. It deals with an inn at Horns Cross, North Devon, and states that a good breakfast, luncheon or dinner can be had there at any time of the year, including the dead of winter. Now that seems to me the right spirit, and I have made a note of the place so that, if opportunity offers, I can try it.

(Continued on page 556)



THE NEW O.H.V. MORRIS "TEN-FOUR" AT NIAGARA

In the background is the General Brock Hotel, which is so well known to all travellers. The Morris car in the foreground is the very latest model, and it is very gratifying to note that English cars are slowly but surely breaking their way into foreign markets



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MOST SUMPTUOUS CAR

THE WOLSELEY 25 h.p. "SUPER SIX"

AWARDED GRAND PRIX d'HONNEUR in the MONTE CARLO RALLY
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THE Wolseley "Super Six" Limousine is a silent witness that in the hands of British craftsmen a 25 h.p. town carriage can be made a thing of shapely elegance and lithe grace without the loss of an inch of space or a decimal point of performance. For bulk is not beauty—it is the ransom paid to unbalanced design. The symmetrical beauty that Wolseley coachcraft has achieved—and achieved

without sacrifice of the dignity traditional with fine British bodywork—has been acclaimed on three occasions by the foremost judges in Europe.

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WOLSELEY

The Wolseley 25 h.p. "Super Six" Limousine illustrated above is priced at £775. Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass, and Jackall jacks are standard equipment. Wolseley cars are manufactured by Wolseley Motors Ltd., at Ward End, Birmingham, distributed in London by Eustace Watkins Ltd., of Berkeley Street, W.1, and exported by M.I.E. Ltd., Oxford.

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 554)

For I do feel that the critic in these matters should also regard himself as the propaganda agent and should not only slang the bad places, but also spread abroad tidings of the good. It may be that this summer I shall get the chance of going to some of the places whose managers have communicated with me, and if they are really good I shall be loud in their praise.

* * *

Stock Speed.

That Lagonda speed on the Berlin-Hanover Autobahn is worthy of special note. Two drivers—the photographs lead me to suspect that they are my friends Mr. Pomeroy, jun., and Mr. Wilkins—came back along this road at a considerable pace in one of the stock twelve-cylinder Lagonda saloons. The car carried standard saloon coachwork, with sliding roof and full equipment, and there were three people and baggage on board. Times were taken which enable a useful précis of the performance to be obtained by means of quarter-hour stages. Thus in the first fifteen minutes the average was 100.6 m.p.h. (161.9 kilometres an hour), in the second fifteen minutes the average was 94.39 m.p.h., in the third 97.12 m.p.h., and in the fourth 96.87 m.p.h. During the second hour comparable speeds were secured and the last fifteen minutes was done at 100 m.p.h. For the whole of the first hour the average was 97.24 m.p.h. (156.5 kilometres an hour).

This was a run which paid equal tribute to the car and to the German roads. I think that it foreshadows the time when high road speeds will be looked upon in a rather different way from that in which they are looked upon at the present day. A motor car at 100 m.p.h. is vastly more controllable than a train at the same speed. It can stop in a much shorter distance and, within limits, it can alter course. With roads as well isolated as railway tracks, 100 m.p.h. touring should be at least as safe as express railway travel. Instead, therefore, of seeking to restrict speed, our transport planners should try to increase its availability.

Air Eddies—(Continued from page 552)

if the machine was on the open list in November, was an exception made to the custom of giving out official performance figures for it at that time? When I asked this question I was told that the figures had not been obtained then. But I find it difficult to believe that any Ministry would be so rash as to give huge repeat orders for a machine whose precise performance figures were not known.

And while I think of it, I wonder why it was, if the Air Ministry is so anxious to abide by its own rulings, that a certain bombing aeroplane which is still, at the time I am writing these notes, on the part publication list, was sold to a foreign Power which is not one of our allies, weeks and weeks ago. If the Air Ministry can give me a satisfactory reply to that question, I shall be delighted to grovel in the dust before it, repeatedly casting ashes over my head and chanting hymns of praise.

* * *

Landplanes.

Meanwhile, Sir Kingsley Wood has re-affirmed that the taxpayer is to come to Sir John Reith's assistance by helping to develop air liners suitable for operation by the corporation which will result when Imperial Airways have been merged with British Airways. That order for two Fairey four-engined machines has been increased to fourteen, and the order comes, not from the operating companies, but from the Air Ministry.

Rugger—(Continued from page 542)

Championship games for Cumberland. Martindale holds the club record of having, on two occasions, kicked nine goals in a match. He played for sixteen seasons in the 1st XV, and his record of 1,174 points scored during that period is in danger of being broken this season by last year's captain, Alec Johnson, who needs but 13 points to pass him.

Heversham School and Kendal Grammar School are the chief nurseries, the former providing Alan Bush, an Oxford Blue of 1934. The club's only Schoolboy International is J. H. Kirkby, a product of Kendal School. He played for Wales in 1937, and is now doing useful service as full back to the "A" XV.

Since the club's formation in 1905 all the best sides in the north have been played, and the following is the record of games: 936 played, 613 won, 64 drawn, 259 lost, points for 11,289, points against 5,573. It is very doubtful if any other club in the country can claim a better ground record than the one of which Kendal is so justly proud. During the past ten seasons only twelve visiting sides have been victorious. In turn, all the crack sides of Cheshire, Lancashire and Yorkshire have had to bend the knee to Kendal. The home record for these seasons is: 185 matches played, 170 won, 3 drawn, 12 lost, points for 3,758, points against 721.

At present playing with the club are J. C. Brooks, ex-captain of Gloucester; L. H. Collison, Cambridge University and Eastern Counties; R. A. Cooper, Oxford University, and nine Cumberland County players.

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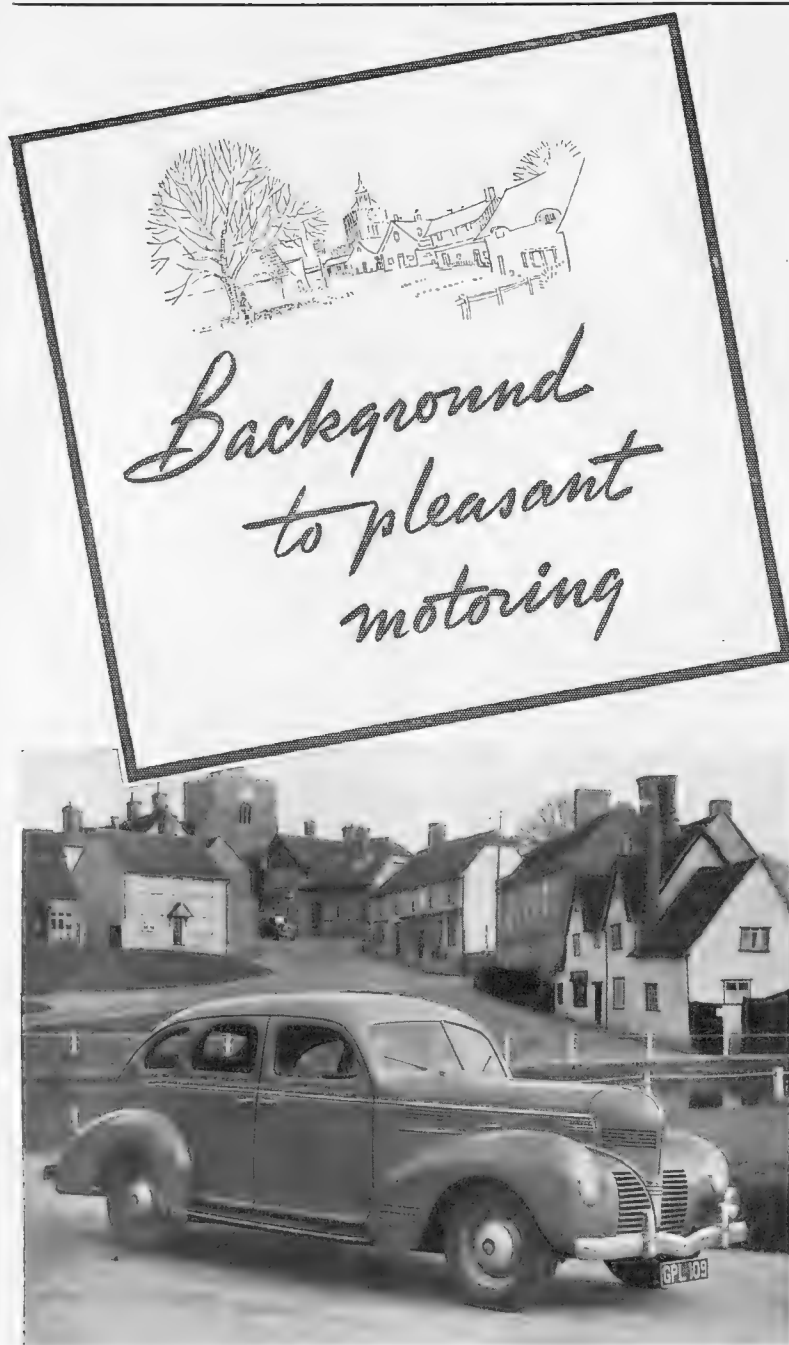
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Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 541)

alone and at other times attended only by a "boy" or local man, are regions in which a good many people think it is only safe to venture chaperoned by a white hunter. Even if there were no other reason why this exhibition deserves success, Winifred Parson's pluck alone should entitle it to enjoy it. But there are many other reasons as anyone can discover. One of them is that the artist paints well, and another is the vivid boldness of her colouring. It is easy to understand that she found plenty of inspiration—the blacks and browns of a burnt-out forest; the red flames of a Congo volcano—which was kind enough to arrange a special eruption, having lain dormant for many years—a dangerous "sitter," because, of course—the artist had no idea that it was going to turn suddenly nasty. A most attractive collection.

In view of the fact that it is always perilous even to pretend that you or I know anything about a horse and how that animal should be ridden—for there are so many Major Hamstrungs about—I feel that I must tread as delicately as the notorious Mr. Agag in recording a discussion about race riding in which unwillingly I became involved. Personally I make a point of never "talking horse" if I can possibly avoid it because I think it is boresome (a) to the other people who hate horses, and (b) because people who think that they have forgotten more than the rest of humanity ever knew are so apt to turn quarrelsome. So I find it far more restful to listen. It always makes me think of the scene placed in a public house about ten years after the Battle of Inkerman. The actors were two rookies who had just been on their first manoeuvres and an ex-colour-sergeant. The two youths were



LORD POWERSCOURT AND HIS WILD FOWL

All these birds are as tame as pet rabbits and are some of the results of Lord Powerscourt's trapping during his journeys abroad. Snapshot taken on the banks of the lake at Powerscourt Castle, Co. Wicklow

telling the assembled multitude all about how they would run a battle. Someone who knew the old colour-sergeant said: "Bill, why do you let the beggars talk? Tell 'im what your riggiment done in the bleeding fog!" The old bird stuffed a bit more shag into his clay pipe and said: "Let the beggars talk!"

The thing which came up for discussion between the people to whom I listened most respectfully and in complete silence was this: whether, other things being equal, horsemanship, jockeyship and such like, a light man with, say, twenty-one pounds of dead weight under the saddle or a heavy man with only the saddle between himself and the steed would have the best of it if it came to a tight finish at the end of, say, a three-mile rough and tumble over the obstacles, the weights being level. Not wishing to chip in and speaking in a semi-detached way, I should back live weight every time against dead weight. The real magician will always ride at least seven pounds lighter than his weight, but the greatest Maskelyne this side of Nirvana cannot compete with lead. There is this further: no one is really comfortable with a packet of weight cloths between him and the living body. Speaking again merely in a semi-detached sense, for it is many years since I had to do this sort of thing, I always preferred a ride in a four pounds to seven pounds saddle to one in a confounded elephant howdah with a wad at least two cloths beneath it. The ideal light saddle, in my poor experience, was one made of wallaby hide, four pounds and narrow grip—that is, if things were so near that you had to have as light a thing as that. These saddles came from a specialist in Melbourne, whose name I have forgotten unhappily; but my blessings on him if still alive, or even if otherwise. He deserves a halo if ever anyone did—for the comfort he has given so many of us. It was better than any other kind of perch of which I know. The ideal for comfort in my idea is something about seven pounds on a nice narrow horse.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by

M.E. Brooke

WONDROUSLY beautiful were the furs recently displayed at Revillon's, 180 Regent Street. There were three mink coats worth £3,000 and in contrast there was a group of six coats totalling ninety guineas. To put the matter in a nutshell, there were well-chosen furs of perfect craftsmanship to suit all incomes. New notes are struck in the coats pictured. In the one on the left there is the novel combination of beaver and ocelot. The price is sixty-nine guineas. It is natural colt skin which makes the model on the right. The colour scheme is cream with Minorca spot. One may become the possessor of this coat for forty-nine guineas. Note the bows on the collar and pockets. No one can fail to be interested in the platina dyed foxes. They are from nineteen guineas a skin. Attention must also be drawn to the wolverine coats, as they shade from gold to deep brown. Natural Siberian lynx is a débutante which is sure to have a successful career, and so is golden-tinted baby seal. Many flattering ideas have been introduced in the grey Indian wraps, and then there are other models of dyed ermine and skunk



Picture by Blake

'Midst Mayfair Flowers

Witness the "revolt from monotony" in these inspiring Spring Suits. These pictures were taken in the Mayfair Flower Department at Marshall & Snelgrove — where you will soon banish all thoughts of Winter. Mayfair Flowers are Nature's counterparts which have won fame all the world over. Incidentally, they are made on the premises at Marshall & Snelgrove



Sunny Charm

In exquisite pastel Spring-like shades of stripe and plain wool Camaik, we tailor this two-piece suit for you. The double-breasted coat has the exaggerated swing back. Under this is worn an attractive dress finished with the new laced corsage.

Made to order 25½ Gns.

Leisure

Ready for the Summer days, this attractive ensemble portrays one of many of our two-piece suits. It is carried out in the new "Nevawet" silk, the dress is designed with the blouse bodice of printed crepe de Chine, finished with sash at the waist. The short coat has half-length sleeves.

Hip sizes 38, 40, 42, 9½ Gns.

Suit Salon, Ground Floor.

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Through Country Windows

IT is a Dunlop fancy waterproof which is seen below. It is proofed by the latex process. This process can be applied to the sheerest fabrics without injuring them. A feature of many is the shoulder lining of cellular material, which improves comfort by allowing the body to breathe. Again there are waterproofs of parachute silk which have great strength and will not split. Neither must it be overlooked that the oilsilks are untearable and well cut

IT is at the Parades of Fashion in our own metropolis and elsewhere that Dunlop tweed coats, fancy waterproofs and outfits for the golf enthusiast may be seen. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Dunlop, 28 St. George Street, Hanover Square, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent. The tweed of which the coat above is made comes from the North of England, and is particularly distinctive. The swing and fit of all the coats is very important. There are likewise models made of home-spuns from Shetland, Scotland and Cumberland, in many different colour schemes



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Beauty in the Ballroom

FASHION changes in jewellery as in everything else, and the pendulum has swung in favour of aquamarines in alliance with diamonds. Naturally emeralds, sapphires and rubies still maintain their exalted position, as a visit to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112 Regent Street, will confirm. The pearls here are beautiful. Aquamarines and diamonds are combined in the lovely jewellery on this page. The tiara is of aquamarines flanked with graduated diamond scrolls. The pendant consists of navette faceted aquamarines with surround of baton and brilliant cut diamonds on platinum trace chain. A new note is struck in the bracelet which is broad at one end and tapering at the other. Oblong aquamarines and diamonds of various cuttings make the second bracelet and the ring.





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M.C.3

From the Shires and Provinces—(Cont. from page 514)

salute by sending hounds home forthwith. A great fox-chaser all his life and some of it as Master in Ireland. A still greater judge of a horse. God rest him! And married to a Chamberlayne of Stoneythorpe, whose father was in his generation one of the hardest men that ever crossed Warwickshire and who twice broke his thigh at the game.

Our Jean won the Gold Cup at Cheltenham on Thursday. They used to talk of the Yorkshire roar when a North Country horse won the Leger; there wasn't a bad sort of Warwickshire cheer and view holloa when "Brendan's Cottage" jumped the last fence with the race well won.

From the York and Ainsty.

By the time this appears in print the North pack will have "buttoned up" for the season and the Southerners will be just about to do so. Both packs have continued to give their followers good fun in the week just past. The North, meeting at Upper Dunsforth on March 6 (Monday), had several blank draws in fine spring-like weather, but were rewarded by two nice little hunts of about half an hour each, one in the Kirby Park-Aldwark Bridge area and the other in the grass fields west of Nun Monkton.

There was a strong north-west wind when the South pack met at Moor Monkton on Tuesday (7th) and none of us expected the very good gallop from Red House Wood, which held four foxes (beg pardon, two brace). After passing the school, hounds ran fast by Thickpenny Farm and Wood House, over the main Boroughbridge road and the railway, through Rufforth Whin and on past Knapton Thorns, where they had their first real check after thirty minutes of the best. The rest was slower, recrossing the road to Poppleton, back to Deighton Whin, and then down to the river where he just beat them to ground opposite Overton Church after seventy-five minutes. In the afternoon, there was another short hunt with an outlier near Hessay, and the day ended with a final short hunt from Askham Bogs, past the kennels and back. Thursday at Sessay (South pack) was rather disappointing, especially to those who had come a long way; however, the afternoon hunt from Thirkleby to the main railway line and back, finishing close to Hood Hill, was a good performance, if rather slow. The North were at Ribston on the same day and brought off three hunts, the first and third being both nearly an hour.

The Holderness gents and ladies turned up in force for the South pack's Highfield meet on Saturday. The morning hunt went wrong,

the fox getting over the Derwent far from any bridge and hounds being recovered later near Thorganby. Next we had a long, very twisty hunt round Storwood and the adjoining covers, but the day was redeemed by a fast twenty minutes from Parson's Thorns in the late afternoon, hounds running a right-handed loop, all over grass, ending up near Ellerton Thorns.

From Lincolnshire.

When the Belvoir kept a new fixture at Walcot on Friday, March 10, all the world and his wife assembled on the village green, and horse-boxes and cars lined all the roads leading to it. The infantry brigade was particularly strong! There was a big muster of pinks, including an ex-M.F.H., whom everybody was delighted to see looking so fit after a season in Warwickshire. Liquids and solids were dispensed by the good people of the Manor House, whose sons are ardent disciples of the chase. A quick dart from Sempringham, and a kill in the open near Stow Green, was a feature of the day. The rest was spent in walking after foxes, one of which took hounds to Kelby—miles from where they should have boxed up! Scent was execrable on the Saturday and none of the county packs did any good.

Regret has been occasioned by the decision of Lord Burghley to give up his pack at the end of the season. He is transferring his affections to become joint-Master of the East Sussex.

Grafton Hunt Letter.

Scent has deserted the Grafton most of the week. On Monday when the meet was at Adstone there was a "glut" of cars, not to the liking of most Masters. There was also a dearth of foxes. The sensation of the day occurred at Ashby Pools, when Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke's young nephew from Eton had his horse bound twice in the air and fall dead, rolling repeatedly over him. The boy finally emerged from under the corpse—unhurt! The fox was headed from Ashby Pools and promptly returned to covert. From Spencer's Gorse hounds ran fast, but Reynard went straight to ground beyond Griffins. After trying most coverts from there up to Preston Capes "blank" (the Pytchley having put in a call recently) they jogged to Plumpton. They were rewarded by a nice hunt.

Friday from Radstone was a disappointment for "one horse" people, and a thin field turned out (owing probably to racing at Cheltenham). I noticed Mr. Ronald Tree and also "Bush" paying us a visit. They spent two hours in Whistley Wood, eventually forcing "Charlie" from his lair, and hounds ran fast via Coldharbour to ground in a drain.

(Continued on page xii.)



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From the Shires and Provinces—(Contd. from page x)

and another was chopped in Timms Gorse later. After drawing Astwell Mill blank (greatly to Monty King's chagrin), they went to Allithorne. From there they had a great gallop of fifteen minutes; very few of the field lived with hounds, but Rupert was there! A good hunt redeemed the day.

Meynell Musings.

At last the powers that be have allowed us to meet at a respectable hour. We can't understand this passion for the early start. However, sport still continues to be good and after being hospitably entertained by Tom and Norah at Ednaston Hall in bright sunshine, a really first-class day's fox-hunting followed; in fact, a bare dozen stayed out for the afternoon hunt, riders and horses being completely exhausted. Saturday from Newborough was a hill day and heavy at that, but the few who remained had fun in the afternoon. Babe has made a good recovery and has been riding again over the sticks, whilst Arthur and his bride have once more returned to the fold. And now we are almost at the end of things. We have had a wonderful season and once again thank the Masters for a very happy season, and long may the fraternity continue to carry on the famous traditions of our county.

Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

Monday from Dunkirk was a first-class day's sport, giving



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Miss Weir-Johnston, who is very well known with the local pack in Hertfordshire, is the daughter of Mr. J. A. Weir-Johnston, K.C., of Flaunden House, near Hemel Hempstead. She is the youngest woman to pass the examination for and be approved a lecturer under A.R.P. regulations in Hertfordshire

the Didmastonites some exercise in the morning and in the afternoon a fast gallop followed to Pinkney. Tuesday at Chavenage saw a much smaller field than usual owing to the counter attraction of Cheltenham Races. Wednesday was a *dies non*, and all roads led to the National Hunt, a gathering one always enjoys, as it brings together foxhunters from all parts of England, and one sees many old friends. Rosie received many congratulations on her engagement and we all wish her the best of good luck. Thursday from Bremhill was a disappointing day, foxes being difficult to find, but Friday from Horton (about the last day in the vale) was an excellent scenting day and good sport followed, but alas for the huge field that attended at Easton Grey on Saturday, sport was decidedly disappointing, foxes again being conspicuous by their absence, but we mustn't complain as we have had great fun since Christmas, and shortly the hill hunting will start in earnest. The spring programme for the Polo Club is now out, but alas, we still have no international or Indian players with us. However, we must hope for the best and Colonel Lockett is sure to produce a good tournament.

POINT-TO-POINT FIXTURES

Bedale, 25; Braes of Derwent, 25; East Sussex, 25; Hampshire, 25; Lillithgow and Stirlingshire, 25; Llangibby, 25; Old Berkeley, 25; Puckeridge, 25; Royal Artillery Harriers (B.F.) Hunt, 25; Royal Artillery (Woolwich), 25; Silverton, 25; South Wold, 25; Surrey Union, 25; United and Teme Valley, 25; Girth, 28; Lanark and Renfrewshire, 28; Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, 28; Etswood, 29; Portman, 29; West Norfolk, 29; Border, 30; Brocklesby (B.F.), 30; Grafton, 30; Old Berkshire, 30; 10th Royal Hussars, 30; Sinnington and Derwent, 30; Tetcott and South Tetcott, 30.



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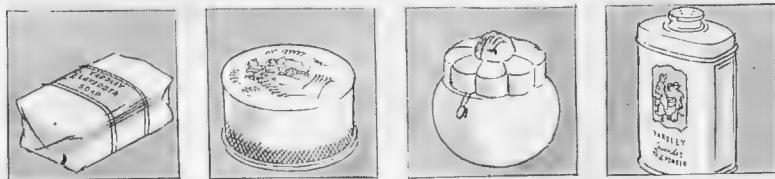
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The "Maid of the Mist"—(Continued from page 550)

It was a race between steam and disaster, and the master had little doubt how it would end. Slowly the broken shore-line was drawing closer, he could hear the boom of the surf above the screaming of the wind. Well, it wouldn't be long now.

He turned, with a groan at his rotten luck, and made his way over the reeling deck to where his daughter clung, white-faced but resolute. He took a lifebelt and fastened it securely about her dripping form.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, lass, the fight's not over yet, we may still win out."

He called to the engineer to learn how the steam gauge stood, and the answer came back: "Half a head." He looked toward the surf getting very close and gave the order for all hands to get into their lifebelts.

While the seas buffeted the old hulk, the ocean-going salvage tug, *Pacific Queen*, ploughed her way northwards through the inside passage.

The firm's junior partner dozed in the captain's bunk. Subconsciously he heard the radio-telephone signal in the pilot house. In a dreamy way he thought it an unusual hour for a call to come through, then, fully awake, he climbed from the bunk and entered the chartroom.

"Anything serious, captain?"

The captain turned from the instrument with a queer look on his face.

"Vancouver calling, sir," he replied. "Advising tug *Ranee*, with the log carrier *Maid of the Mist* in tow, in difficulties off Browning Entrance." Then he picked up the speaking tube and called the engine room. "Give me all she's got, Mac, crowd her to the limit."

When he had hung up he turned to the junior partner and spoke slowly.

"You know it's funny how things turn out, Mr. Reardon. Last night I was telling you of Captain Thompson and how he lost his ticket the time I sailed with him as third officer."

"Yes, and you figured he wasn't to blame?"

"That's right. Well, he's master on this hulk, *Maid of the Mist*."

"Hm, that's strange. You think a lot of him?"

"Finest skipper I ever sailed under, and he hasn't had a ship since his ticket was held up. Just a good man going to waste."

"Do you think they are in a serious way?"

"It's likely. Cable's fouled, or something. It's a dirty bit of water and with this blow—well, I wouldn't want to be stuck there."

The *Maid of the Mist* was barely clear of the rocks when the *Pacific Queen* came up, and the little tug was struggling hard to hold her off. The old man had now got a full head of steam in the donkey, and was getting the chain aboard as fast as the winch would take it in.

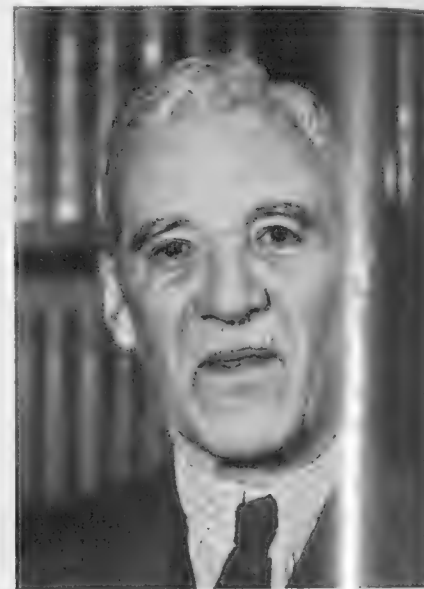
The seas were breaking over her when the *Pacific Queen* ran a line aboard and towed her out to safety.

As young Reardon watched, a stay snapped and the backlash hurled the master to the deck. He saw the girl, clinging to the rail on the after deck, start forward, and he saw the master wave her back as he lay on the forward deck hanging to the rail. Reardon could see that he was injured, although he still directed the men at the winch and superintended the catting when the chain was hauled aboard.

The tow through the entrance and into the channel was nothing under the powerful engines of the salvage tug. When the hulk was brought into shelter, Reardon ordered the tow-line cast off, and the *Pacific Queen* brought alongside the hulk. Very carefully they transferred the master to the salvage boat, and the captain saw to his comfort and the dressing of his shattered leg.

Mary was weeping when she came over the side, and Reardon put his arm about her to steady her.

"Take it easy, Miss Thompson," he said gently. "It's over now. Your dad will be all right. And when his leg's mended we'll have a ship waiting for him. He's too good a skipper to waste on a hulk."



THE LATE MR. L. E. GUY ABNEY, B.A.

Mr. Abney, who died this week at the age of seventy-two, was Chairman Messrs. Wm. Dawson and Sons, Ltd., Wholesale Newsagents and Exporters. Son of Sir William Abney, K.C.B., he was educated at Clifton College and Trinity College, Cambridge; was twelfth man in the Varsity match in the year 1888, member of the M.C.C. for fifty years, and one of the original members of Ranelagh. He was a very keen cricketer and good golfer.



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PAMELA WYNDHAM-QUIN



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The Maigue, upon which good salmon river these pictures were taken, runs through Adare Manor park, Lord Dunraven's Limerick seat. Major Waller, who is a regular attendant with the Limerick Hounds, is one of the guests, and so is Miss Pamela Wyndham-Quin, youngest daughter of Commander the Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin, and also Lord Adare, the heir to the title, who was a very popular figure when he was in the Army, and has been just the same since he left it.



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RACING RAGOUT "GUARDRAIL"

By

CHELTHENHAM National Hunt meeting is, to my mind, far and away the nicest jumping meeting of the year, which goes to show that it is good racing and good company that makes for an enjoyable day's sport. From the point of view of comfort there is still a lot to be desired, and may I make the constructive criticisms given me by astonished foreign racegoers that barring in the unsaddling paddock there is not a solitary public seat (yes, I know, but those aren't public). For the gigantic crowds on National Hunt and Gold Cup days the dark little bars are totally inadequate. As regards catering, I know so little of the difficulties that I cannot be constructive.

The private lunch rooms and boxes are a godsend and provide chairs, warmth, good food, and I am led to understand, drink. Every man in the jumping, flat racing and hunting world goes to the meeting, generally taking something pretty snappy in a tweed two-piece with him, and it must be said that at no meeting do women look better. For soldiers, it would seem from hunters and uniformity of turnout, to be almost a parade. It was in the box of a friend the length of whose cigars proclaimed him either a bloated plutocrat or a friend of Harry Pasher's, that the presence of so many soldiers was explained to me by two military gentlemen introduced as Major Arthritis of the Guides and General Hardening of the Arteries. It may have been their fourth bock of Hennessy's XO that got them a shade confused, but I gathered they considered soldiering to be the finest training in the world for hunting and steeplechasing. The major pointed me out one boy in his regiment who had only five more winners to ride for his captaincy, while another he said had the finest hands in a tank in Aldershot.

Certain it is that despite all the handicaps and vacuum A atmosphere of modern soldiering there are today in the service a great number of enthusiastic foxhunters and good amateur riders. In parentheses may we say to the very young that it is as unnecessary to wear a ring in the back of the bowler to show you are a foxhunter, as it is to wear a cotton waste handkerchief to show you own a car.

Cheltenham seems to be a very unlucky course for accidents to horses. There would seem to be no particular reason for this. It is just the luck of the game, and one can only hope the hoodoo will be broken by next year. The National is exercising every one's interest all over the world, and according to the American paper *Esquire* the mishaps at Cheltenham are as nothing compared to Aintree, "the most foolhardy

horse race known." Becher's it states "requires a leap of twenty-four feet out of soft ploughed land, clearing a four foot ten inch fence of strong timber . . ." "Many horses have to be shot for broken legs if they are not killed outright when falling . . ." "The building of the fences is under the supervision of a man called a Court Bailiff . . ." "Brick, etc., is used in their construction . . ." "Most horses in the race are shod with plates which are thin metal sheets . . ." "Contrary to popular belief, a horse need not have a huge cavernous muscular chest. He should possess extremely powerful hindquarters, shortish and rather insignificant fores . . ." "The approach of a priest or a lone crow stops all betting, since they are considered unlucky." One of us has got it all wrong. I've seen a court bailiff serving a writ in the dressing-room, I've seen people unable to bet because there were so many priests blocking the way, but I won't stand that lone crow and the four foot ten of rails at Becher's, out of plough.

To come back from Wonderland, what will win the National? If the Cheltenham Gold Cup racing was right and Morse Code was at his best, then Brendan's Cottage who has already won over Liverpool, must have a great chance. The race should have been truly run, as Embarrassed was put in to make running for Bel et Bon, who fell very early on. The jockey on Embarrassed couldn't see that his stable companion was down and so went on, a state of affairs which Mr. "Bam" Blair, who is a keen student of surgery, said he could easily alter by an operation so simple yet so secret that I cannot divulge it here.

Rocquilla from the same stable is said to be the more fancied, but in my ignorance I prefer Brendan's Cottage. Royal Mail and Kilstar are the other two I select, though I cannot help feeling that Royal Mail is not the super horse required to carry 12 stone 7 pounds to victory. The Lincoln is always best left alone, by reason of the draw and the unknown fitness of the horses. Cambridgeshire form generally works out best through the year, and therefore I would take Galsonia and Domaha, between which there is very little difference. Agincourt is so suited to the course and Jack Jarvis has such a knack of winning this race that I have a strong fancy for him. Double these as you please and you are sure to get a good run for your money.

Grand National Acceptances: Royal Mail, Royal Danieli, Dunhill Castle, Cooleen, Rockquilla, Jovial Judge, Brendan's Cottage, Dominick's Cross, Teme Willow, Perfect Part, Red Hillman, Luckpenny, St. George II, Black Hawk, Inversible, War Vessel, Workman, Red Freeman, Second Act, Blue Shirt, Montrejeau II, MacMolrat, Milano, Kilstar, Bachelor Prince, West Point, Deslys, Under Bid, Sporting Piper, Birthgift, Lucky Patch, Scotch Wood, Tuckmill, Symaethis, Drin, Pencraik, Mesmerist, and Epiphanes.



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The Bulldog has a strong appeal to many people; he has such individuality of appearance and character. Also his appearance is so formidable it keeps undesirables away, though he is usually extremely good

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

It is the fashion if you buy a dog or a puppy, and something goes wrong, to complain about the seller, and at once say you have been done. In many cases it is entirely the buyer's fault if things do not go smoothly. Especially in the case of puppies; a complete change of diet, environment and life is quite enough to upset them temporarily; and older dogs require to get used to a strange place. We all know that even our trusted friends can't always be relied on to behave in fresh surroundings. In the first enthusiasm of possession people often don't let small puppies have any rest, which naturally upsets them. Sellers, as a rule, are most anxious that the dogs they sell should be successes, as not only is it honest, but it is, indeed, a very bad policy to sell a bad article; and so if on the next occasion your new purchase goes wrong, please don't put

tempered. Miss Eastham has a very successful kennel, which she wisely keeps small. She sends a photograph of her young bitch, Golden Heart, winner of 100 prizes, including best in show at Southampton and reserve best in show at Bournemouth; she has also been nine times the best non-sporting exhibit. There are one or two promising youngsters coming on. Miss Eastham hopes to have some puppies for sale in the near future.

The Brussels Griffon is one of the brainiest of all dogs. Though small there is nothing toyish about him; he can take his part in all that goes on. As his name implies he originated in Brussels fifty years ago. He is not at all delicate, and is in every way a charming companion. Mrs. Bridle specializes in

Miniature Griffons, but, though small, her little dogs have as much spirit and as good constitutions as the larger ones. All showgoers know the little pair Lala Rookh Jolie and his son Tough Guy, whose performance in obedience trials is so finished that they have beaten Alsations. This is added to by the fact that Tough Guy, a tiny Miniature, hates his father and loses no chance of attacking him, which always brings down the house! There are other trained Miniatures, too, who testify not only to their braininess, but to the patience and understanding of their trainer. The photograph is of Jolie (Wee Man) who is at stud and sires Miniatures. Mrs. Bridle generally has Miniatures, trained and untrained, for sale. They are to be seen at her home at Weybridge.

All dog-lovers who wish to have a pet can depend on any of these three breeds for reliability, faithfulness and real companionship.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



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R. Stevenson, Royal Engineers, only son of the late James Stevenson, and Mrs. Stevenson, of Londonderry, and Lorna, twin daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Sam M. Sloan, R.A.M.C. (retired), and the late Mrs. Sloan, of Glasgow; Mr. A. W. D. Brooke, Sarawak Civil Service, only son of Captain and Mrs. Bertram Brooke, and Kathleen Mary, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. C. Hudden, of Crossley House, Winterbourne, Bristol; Mr. N. M. Daniel, only son of Sir Augustus Daniel, K.B.E., and Lady Daniel, of Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3, and Eleanor Jean, only daughter of the late Mr. John Sanderson Royle and Mrs. Royle, of Hazell Hill, Bracknell, Berkshire; Captain T. Robinson, M.A., M.D., R.A.M.C., the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Robinson, of Elsinore, Jordanstown, Co. Antrim, and

An April Wedding in Stockholm.

The Hon. Andrew Vanneck, M.C., of Heveningham Hall, Suffolk, is marrying Countess Britta Bonde, the only daughter of Count and Countess Nils Bonde, of Stockholm, on April 5.

A Wedding in Boston.

Dr. H. W. Fairbairn, B.Sc., Ph.D., F.G.S.A., son of the late Mr. A. E. Fairbairn and Mrs. Fairbairn, Ottawa, is marrying Sheila, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel W. P. M. Sargent, I.A., and Mrs. Sargent, Henwick Old Farm, Newbury. The wedding will take place next month.

Recently Engaged.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. C.



MR. AND MRS. C. SHEPLEY-CUTHBERT

After their recent marriage at Chelsea Old Church. The bride was formerly Miss Mary Marsh, of Idover House, Dauntsey, Chippenham. The bridegroom's home is Gamesley House, Glossop, Derbyshire

Margaret Joan, only daughter of Mr. William John Dorrell, O.B.E., Deputy Director of Sea Transport, Board of Trade, and Mrs. Dorrell, of Lindfield, Sussex; Mr. J. Congreve, 7th Q.O. Hussars, eldest son of C. R. T. Congreve, Gorse House, Ootacamund, S. India, and Elizabeth, second daughter of Major and Mrs. Harding, of Birling Manor, Eastdean, near Eastbourne; Mr. A. P. Le Mesurier, son of the late Sir Havilland

Le Mesurier, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., I.C.S., and of Lady Le Mesurier, and Muriel, daughter of the late Mr. James Flaws and of Mrs. Flaws, Orkney; Mr. E. C. F. Nutting, Royal Horse Guards, second son of Sir Harold and Lady Nutting, of

Quenby Hall, Leicester, and Rosemary Alexandra, elder daughter of the late Earl of St. Germans, and Lady Blanche Douglas, of Manor Farm, Sherston, Wilts.; Mr. W. D. Macara, third son of the late Sir William C. Macara, Bt., and of the Dowager Lady Macara, of Red Eaves, Westerham, Kent, and Rosalind Verena Harrild, of Moonsfield, Brenchley, Kent, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. Harrild, of Clare Bank, Sevenoaks; Mr. W. M. Johnson, third son of the late Walter Lyulph Johnson, of Arncliffe Hall, Northallerton and Strathaird, Isle of Skye, and Mrs. Johnson, and Helen Victoria, second daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. S. Medlicott, Partridge Hill, Goathland, York; Squadron-Leader D. P. Lascelles, R.A.F., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. J. Eaton Lascelles, Islip, Northampton, and Diana Trelawney Eve, elder daughter of the late Captain W. H. Eve, 13th Hussars, and the late Mrs. W. H. Eve.



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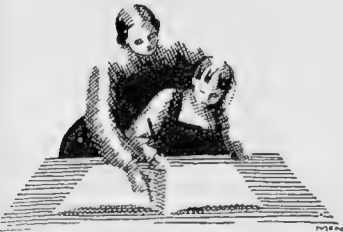
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IN THE NEWS

Two In One.

Yet another gift to the wardrobe has appeared, a "double-duty" garment with the slim fit of a jersey and the spring freshness of a blouse. This is the Slix blouse shown on the right, made on the same principle as their famous bathing suits. There is no danger of choosing the wrong size, for the Lastex yarn round the sleeves and neckline is so worked that the same size fits any figure. For golf, Slix have a similar type of blouse with long sleeves in oilsilk, amber, green, black or, in fact, almost any colour. It is wind and rain-proof, but so light that it adds hardly any weight to a golf-bag. New designs in Slix bathing suits are now ready for early cruising, including an unusual daisy-patterned model in brown and orange, grand for a sun-tanned skin.

Slenderness More Slender.

The Grand Prix at the Paris International Exhibition in 1937 was awarded to the Elbeo stockings. They are of sheer silk with a dense close mesh. A fact of great importance concerning them is that they make slenderness more slender, and they are endowed with an unusually long life, points which are of paramount interest to all women. It must likewise be related that the much to be desired "skin complexion" is the result of their being knitted inside out. Not only are fashion's commands mirrored in them, but they represent wonderful value. There are the Elbeo Crown 200 (8s. 11d. per pair) and the Elbeo Vision for 10s. 6d. All wishing for



Cool and comfortable for golf, yet trim enough for town is the attractive Slix blouse above. It is sold practically everywhere. Lastex yarn at the sleeves and round the neckline ensures a perfect fit, adaptable to all figures, but there is no constriction

further information regarding these excellent stockings must write to Elbeo Publicity, 233 Regent Street, W.

Maternity Dresses.

It may with justice be said that Lilla, 17 Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, were among the pioneers in creating maternity dresses that help to maintain graceful proportions throughout the difficult period of a woman's life. She has recently brought out a brochure (it will be sent gratis and post free) giving suggestions for all occasions. Furthermore, she will design specially to meet the requirements of each client. Useful wrap coats in frieze are 8½ guineas; of course they can be made in other materials. The cost of afternoon or bridge frocks, carried out in black marocain with mist-blue chiffon ruffles, is 8 guineas. Crêpe dinner frocks with coatees are 7½ guineas. Too much cannot be said in favour of the maternity skirts with darts to let out under the wrap.

Unkind Enemies Conquered.

This winter has been a trying time for the complexion. Extreme cold, bleak winds and fog have been unkind enemies to face and hands and it is still very necessary to take every precaution against roughness, chapping and coarsening of the skin. Larola is wonderfully effective in its assurance of a perfect winter-proof complexion! Marvellous, too, for keeping the hands beautifully soft and white! Larola is soothing and cleanses the pores of all harmful impurities. Not only does it feed back to the skin the natural tonics removed by exposure to wind and rain, but is an absolute boon for preventing horrid blemishes and wrinkles. It is sold practically everywhere.



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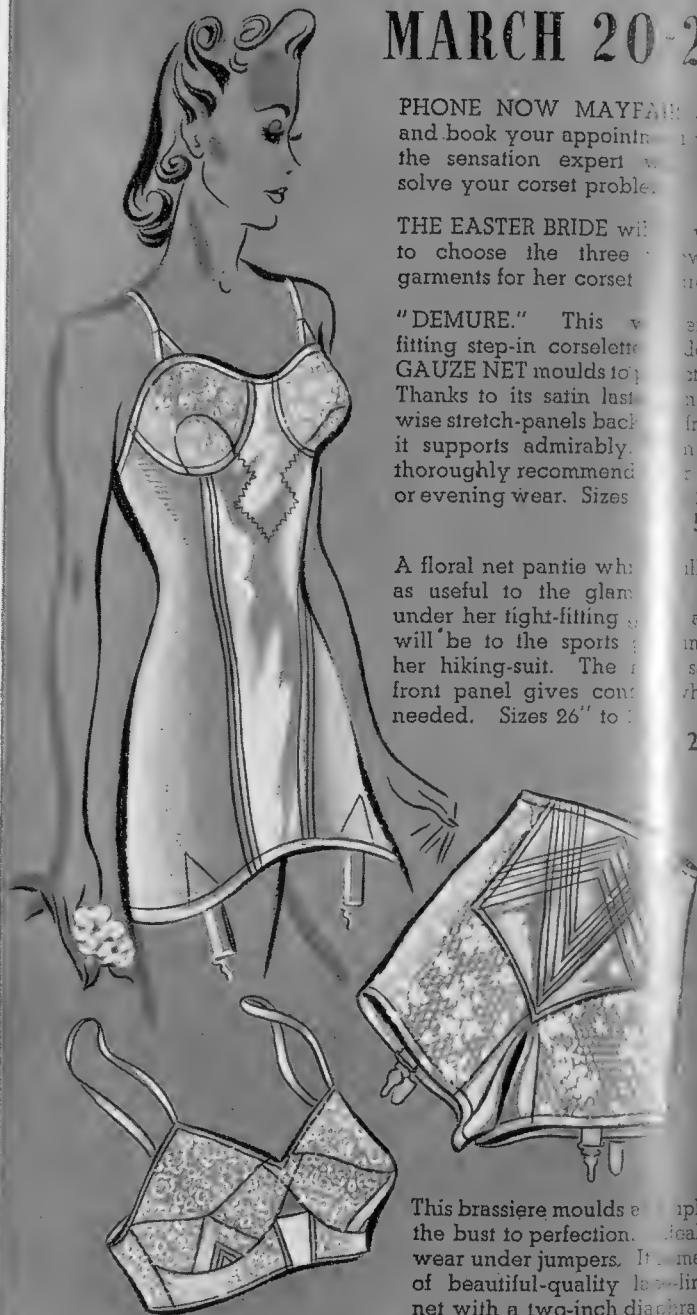
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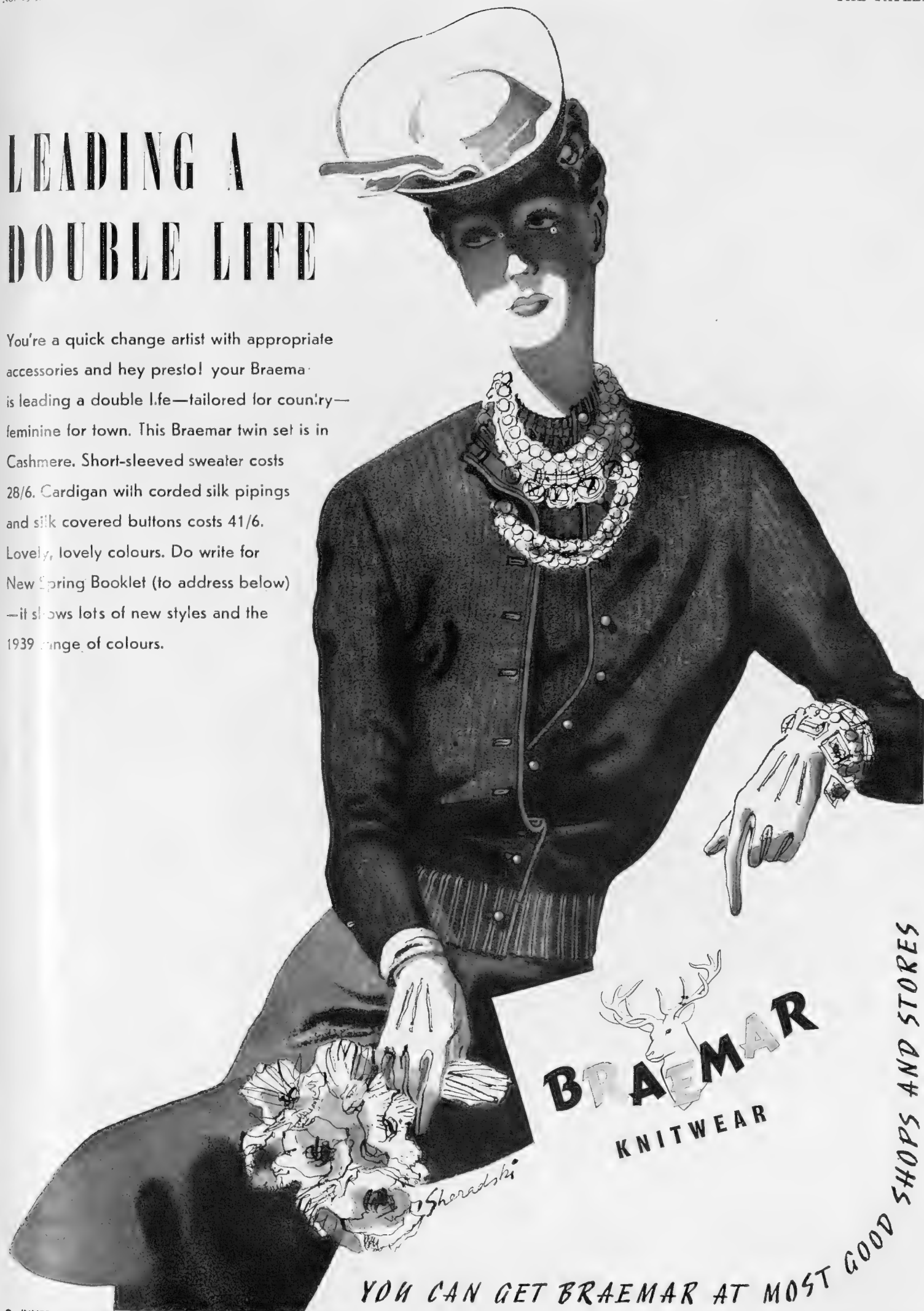
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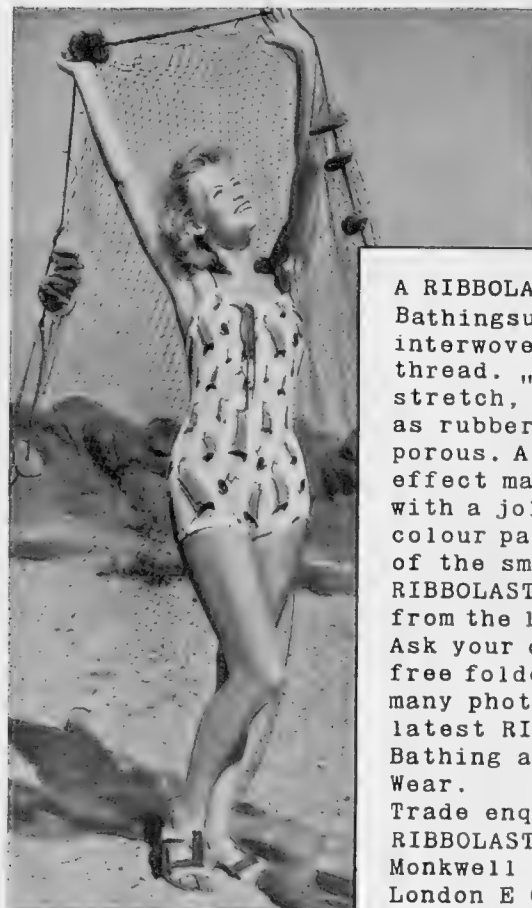
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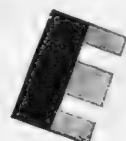
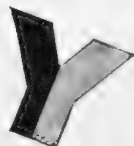
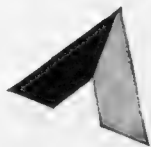
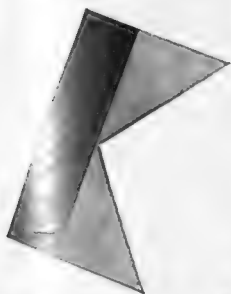


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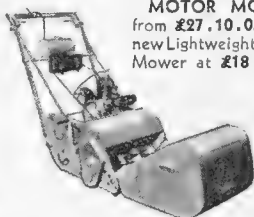
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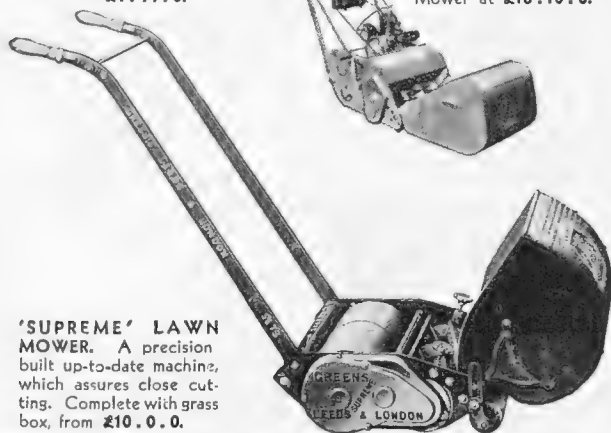
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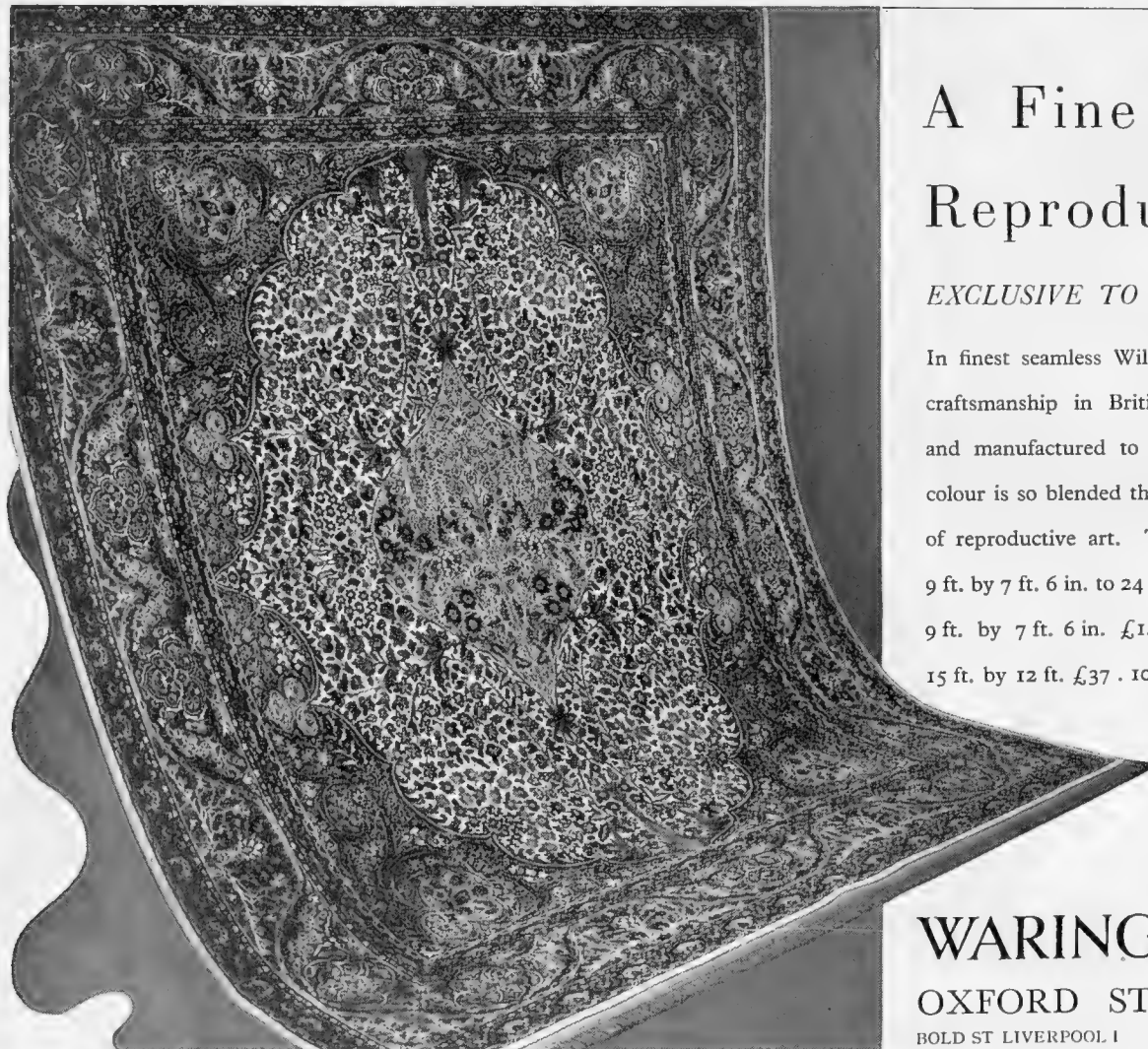
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